Saturday Review

AUGUST 6, 1955 / 20¢

THE ATOMIC AGE:
August 6, 1945-1955

1. HIROSHIMA—TEN YEARS AFTER
An Editorial
2. A SCIENTIST LOOKS AT THE BALANCE SHEET
By Harrison Brown
3. MICHIHIKO HACHIYA'S "HIROSHIMA DIARY"
Reviewed by Dr. W. M. Hitzig

THE PUBLIC-SERVICE REVOLUTION
SR's Third Annual Advertising Awards

THE GREAT SAUCER HUNT
By Siegfried Mandel

Dr. Hachiya: "What a weak, fragile thing man is before the forces of destruction." (see page 13)

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This advertisement won first place in *The Saturday Review's* Third Annual Awards for Distinguished Advertising in the Public Interest. See page 10 for full details of the 1955 Awards.

TIME IS CANCER'S GREATEST ALLY...

ALL TOO OFTEN, a person who notices a symptom that could mean cancer delays seeing his doctor. In so doing, he allows cancer's greatest ally . . . *time* . . . to reduce the chances for cure or control.

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1. **Any sore that does not heal.**
2. **A lump or thickening in the breast or elsewhere.**
3. **Unusual bleeding or discharge.**
4. **Any change in a wart or mole.**
5. **Persistent indigestion or difficulty in swallowing.**
6. **Persistent hoarseness or cough.**
7. **Any change in normal bowel habits.**

These danger signals do not mean that a person necessarily has cancer. Indeed, many people who suspect they have the disease find, upon examination, that they do *not* have cancer. However, the danger signals do indicate that something is wrong, which you should have checked by your doctor.

Being on the alert for cancer's warning signs is your responsibility in the drive for early cancer detection. In fact, the American Cancer Society has estimated that early cancer treatment saves the lives of 70,000 people in our country each year—and *another* 70,000 *could* be saved if more people were aware of the danger signals of cancer.

Unfortunately, cancer often develops silently without noticeable symptoms. Here too, there is a safeguard—periodic medical examinations. These are particularly important for all men and women who have reached the ages of 40 and 35 respectively. The value of these examinations is underscored by the fact that half of all cancers occur in body sites that the doctor can readily examine.

You can deprive cancer of its greatest ally simply by acting promptly, should any of its warnings occur.

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The Saturday Review

AUGUST 6, 1955

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TRADE Winds

THE NATIONAL BOOK COMMITTEE was formed not very long ago by a group of distinguished Americans, only a few of them in the publishing business, but all of them anxious that reading should become *more* widespread in the United States. The chairman of the National Book Committee is Gilbert W. Chapman, president of Yale and Towne, and in a recent speech he said, "There *is no reason* to make either books or education easy, any more than tennis or football is easy." He went on to point out that "books require a certain amount of hard work and practice, and like sports they can be both a challenge and a delight." The Columbus, Ohio *State Journal,* applauding this speech editorially, thought there was even more to the sports analogy than Mr. Chapman had made of it. In fact, the *State Journal* said, "When the muscles become too set for tennis, how about switching to Tennyson?"

This *State Journal* crack could lead to a new and extremely dull game in which the contestants make up their own from sport-to-literature examples: Too old to row? Try Poe. Or —when wenches exhaust you, try a Trollope.

A FEW WEEKS AGO I promised some serious statistics about book reading in this country. The following (and they make clear some of the reasons a National Book Committee exists) are a few that have been collected during the past twenty years by Dr. Gallup of the American Institute of Public Opinion:

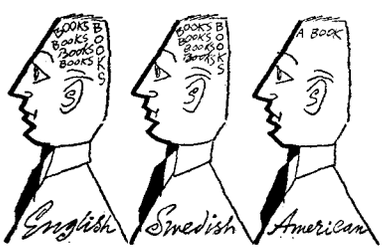
Fewer books are read in America than in any major English-speaking democracy in the world.

In England, where the typical citizen has much less formal schooling than his opposite American number, about three times as many people are to be found reading books at any given time—the figures are: United States 17 per cent, England 55 per cent.

Just to tie it down (and Dr. Gallup is not speaking as an Anglophile), the man in the street in England, who rarely has gone to school beyond his fifteenth year, actually reads more books than those who have attended college in this country.

In the United States there are only about 1,450 bookstores which carry a fairly complete line of books. But in Denmark, whose population is less than that of New Jersey, there are 650 bookstores. If the number of our bookstores were in proportion to Denmark's, we would have 23,000. On the same basis, if the number of free public libraries in the United States were *in proportion both to the number* of Sweden's libraries and its population, we would have 77,000. Actually, we have just 7,500.

In a study which Dr. Gallup confined solely to college graduates, he asked a number of them to name the authors of the following twelve books: "An American Tragedy," "Babbitt," "The Canterbury Tales," "Gulliver's Travels," "Leaves of Grass," "The Old Wives' Tale," "Utopia," "Vanity Fair," "The Origin of Species," "The Wealth of Nations," "The Rubaiyat," "Tom Jones." Practically every *Saturday Review* reader would score 100 per cent on this quiz so we are not bothering to give the answers. But Dr.



Gallup found that 9 per cent of the college graduates could not give the author of a single one, that 39 per cent could not name more than three authors and 52 per cent could name only four.

Are you shocked by all this? Can you think of anything to do about it? These are just a few of Dr. Gallup's figures. More later. Meanwhile, without bothering to meet, let's become a committee *via* correspondence to feed ideas to the National Book Committee. Any suggestions for making America more conscious of literature will—if sent to this column—reach the Committee.

MEANT TO TELL YOU LAST WEEK that Knopf's recently had a run-in with an irate reader. Knopf has just published a novel by a South African Negro, Peter Abrahams, and the title, in South African vernacular, is "Mine Boy." The irate reader said it shouldn't happen that when he buys a book by someone named Abrahams and it is called "Mine Boy" that he gets a South African story when what he expected was a story about an old Jewish patriarch and his son. Bill Cole

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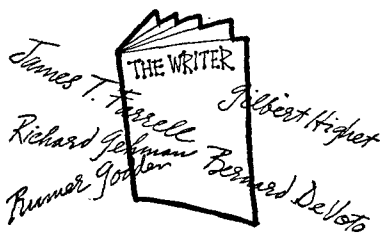
of Knopf says he wanted the book called "Mine Son, Mine Son" to pick up some of the buyers of an early Howard Spring novel.

AND, MUCH MORE SERIOUSLY, this fall A. S. Barnes hopes to introduce the big audience it won for Grantland Rice's "The Tumult and the Shouting" to another true story of a great career in sports, "This Life I've Led," which is the account of Babe Didrickson Zaharias—by far the world's greatest woman athlete—who topped off her Olympic victories and subsequent golfing championships with a knockout conquest of cancer. It's running now—or at least 20,000 of its 85,000 words are—as a five-part serial in *The Saturday Evening Post.*

THIS YEAR'S NATIONAL BOOK AWARD for poetry went to Wallace Stevens, a businessman-poet who's no youngster. Maybe next year's will go to another poet who is even less a youngster. Mark DeWolfe Howe's newest volume of verse, "Sundown," will be published on August 29, the day after his ninety-first birthday. You have probably read quite a bit of his poetry right here in *The Saturday Review.* He is, so far as my research has discovered, the only father of three children all of whom are listed in "Who's Who in America." He is the father of Helen Howe, novelist and monologist; of Mark Howe, Jr., distinguished educator at Harvard Law School; and of Quincy Howe, editor, newspaper commentator, TV moderator, and educator at the University of Illinois. On August 29 let's lift a glass—or better yet, a copy of "Sundown"—to him: "Here's Howe."

WHEN UP IN BOSTON AWHILE BACK I spent an ear-opening hour with A. S. Burach, editor of *The Writer,* a professional journal addressed to professional writers and of particular use to beginners. Although *The Writer* is a small publication with little circulation and can afford to pay only a pittance for contributions, it is so well regarded by professional writers



that it has, in the last few months, carried pieces by Rumer Godden, Bernard DeVoto, Gilbert Highet, James T. Farrell, and Richard Gehman.

Here's one story I heard about Burach which seems an outstanding example of assistance to a writer. At the end of World War II he and Avis DeVoto formed a writers' club which wounded veterans in hospitals near Boston attended. One of these was Mark Carroll, who is now publicity director of the Yale University Press. Another was Ben Benson, who had suffered a severe hip wound in the Battle of the Bulge. Under the DeVoto-Burach influence, Benson began writing detective stories for pulp magazines. Then, just as he was about to be discharged from the hospital, the hip injury recurred and a new operation was necessary. That's when the outlook seemed grimmest for him, that's when his first check for a short story arrived, and that's probably when the whole course of his life altered. Ben Benson went on to write a serial for *The Saturday Evening Post* and, to date, eight mystery novels. Every one of those eight has been a selection of either the Mystery Guild or the Detective Book Club, and each has enjoyed important reprint sales. Benson is a member of Mystery Writers of America and on its national council. It is difficult to assess the importance of early encouragement and instruction, but what Avis DeVoto and Burach did cannot have been unimportant to Benson, whose recent work, "The Girl in the Cage," is now being made into a motion picture.

A GENTLEMAN NAMED Paul A. Gardner takes issue with Stewart Holbrook's claim that "Skid Row" is an "obscene corruption." He says that Holbrook may be relieved to learn that there's a residential street in the outskirts of Canada's capital (quizmasters' technique for referring to Ottawa) named Skead Road. Does this relieve you, Mr. Holbrook?

A FEW WEEKS AGO Bennett Cerf cited George Axelrod's skill at identifying opening lines of novels. I suggest a contest between Mr. Axelrod and Jerome Weidman. Meanwhile, there is another opening-lines game which a few of us used to play some years ago. In this game the contestants made-up opening lines—ones which were calculated to seize the attention of the reader. Two that I remember:

> "Was it necessary," asked the judge, leaning interestedly over the bench, "to produce the entire lake in evidence?"
>
> "It was nearly midnight before they had scraped Uncle Harry off the dining room table."

—Alan Green.

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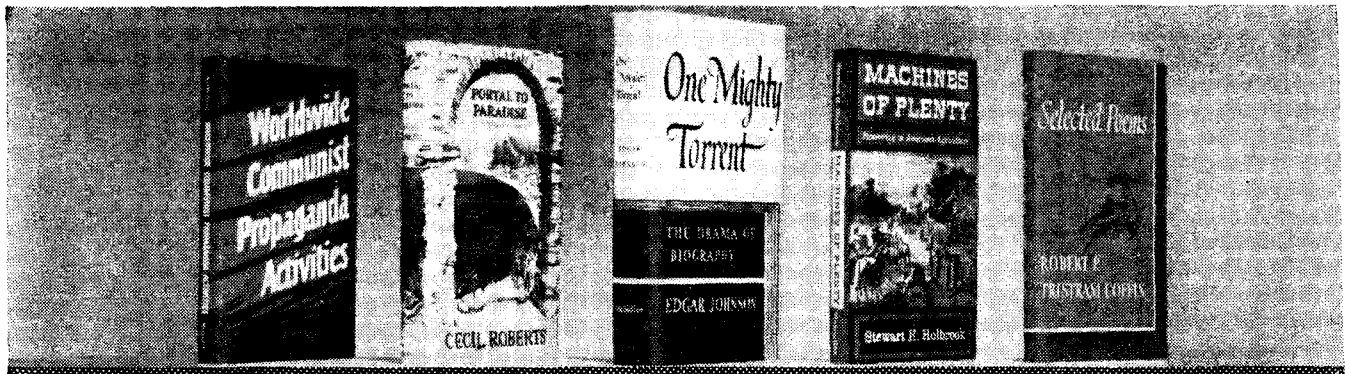

PORTAL TO PARADISE

An Italian Excursion

By CECIL ROBERTS

author of *The Remarkable Young Man, And So To Rome,* and *A Terrace in the Sun.*

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The Saturday Review
AUGUST 6, 1955

HIROSHIMA

Ten Years After

An Editorial

Four of the "Hiroshima Maidens"—photographed just before their departure for the United States. In the background is the old Exposition Hall, which is being kept by the city as a symbol of August 6, 1945.

THE pilot in the Air Force plane pointed out the city below.

"We really have to work over our maps now to make sure that's it," he said. "Only a few years ago there was no mistaking Hiroshima. Looked pretty jagged and uneven from the sky. Big charred stretches. Now the place has been built up so much that unless I get real close I get it confused with Kure or some of the other coastal cities."

After our plane put down, and I had a chance to see the city on the ground, I realized that it would not be long before Hiroshima would be easy to identify from the air again. But for a different reason. Happily, Hiroshima is on the way to becoming one of the most exciting cities, architecturally, in Japan. Already the general outlines are becoming clear. The new park areas have been laid out, the new boulevards are well past the halfway mark, the new and modern civic buildings are being built.

Hiroshima today is in Phase Three of its postwar experience. Phase One was the period immediately following the explosion. Hiroshima then was a place where there had once been a city. More than fifty thousand homes, or two-thirds of the total, had become part of a vast area of charred debris. During this period, thousands of people lived in crates or caves or the shells of the old concrete buildings.

Phase Two was the period of improvisation. It began sometime in 1946 and lasted for about four years. This was when Hiroshima looked something like a crowded American Western mining town in the pioneer times, with its hastily built shacks and temporary business structures. This was also the period of the big clean-up, when countless citizens of the city were part of a virtual mobilization to get rid of the wreckage.

Phase Three began six years ago with the passage of the Hiroshima Peace City Construction Act, which envisioned a long-term $76,500,000 program to be spent for rehabilitation, drainage, arterial roads, public facilities, education, housing, river and harbor improvements, etc. Unlike many other bombed-out cities starting up again, Hiroshima decided to do more than merely replace what had been destroyed. The city would not be "reconstructed"; it would be redesigned. Streets would be laid out with the requirements of an automobile age in mind. The typical congestion in the heart of the modern city would be eliminated with properly spaced park areas. The civic buildings would reflect the finest in modern functional architecture.

HIROSHIMA today is still a long way from the fulfillment of its new design. The work is not going as fast as the people had hoped. But at least the new outlines are visible. What once was the leading business thoroughfare has been widened to approximately three times its former size. A large park area in what will be the new center of the city has already been laid out; landscaping is not yet complete, but the paths and benches are already in place. Two large, modern structures that would cause excitement at any meeting on

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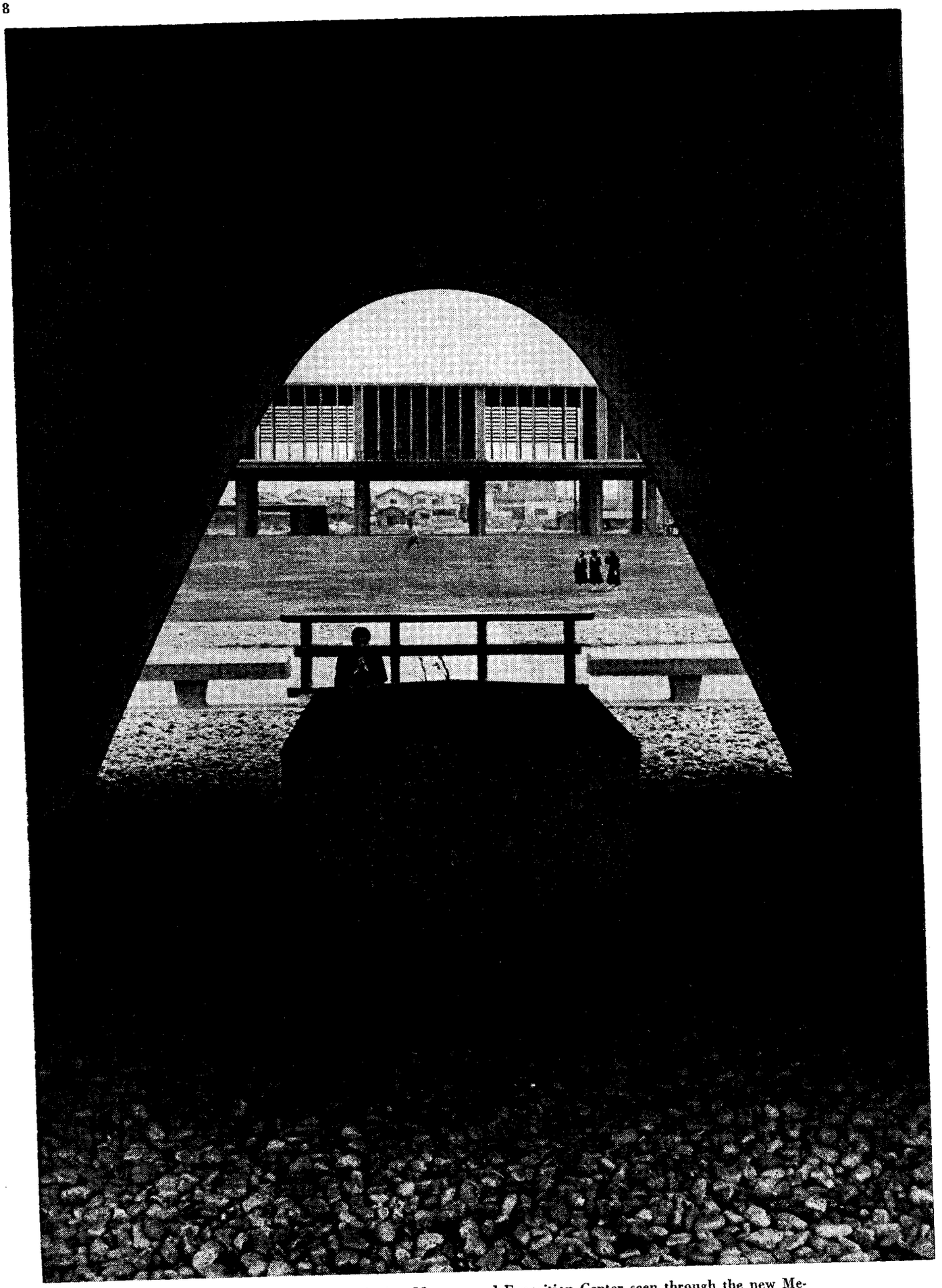

In the background the Atomic Age Museum and Exposition Center seen through the new Memorial Shrine—"Hiroshima is on the way to becoming one of the most exciting cities in Japan."

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advanced architecture have been completed and are the first units in what is to be the new center of the city. One of them is a combination hotel-civic center, utilizing many of the new concepts of design; i.e., outdoor ramps, large glass exteriors, air conditioning, etc.

THE other unit is a large atomic bomb museum and exposition center over which considerable controversy has developed. The design is severely modern, with unornamented columns repeating themselves endlessly along the full length of the rectangular structure. The ground floor is an open arcade along the lines of the Lever Brothers Building in New York. Though the exterior was finished three years ago, the inside is only now being completed, with the dedication exercises scheduled for August 6.

From the balcony of my room in the combination New Hiroshima Hotel-Civic Center, I could look out over a large part of the city. Slightly off to one side was the controversial museum building. The area in front of me was the new park, in the center of which was the new memorial arch, the city's official marker commemorating the atomic explosion. In the unpaved street beyond the hotel was the early morning procession of women with their picks and shovels. They were wearing men's working clothes and seemed somehow to symbolize a city that was invoking all its resources to restore itself. The women set to work digging the trenches for the new sewer lines and cables. Then, off in the distance, I could see the wreck of the now-famous dome of the old Exposition Building, photographs of which have become synonymous with the atomic explosion.

Small-home construction is a long way from being adequate. This despite the fact that more new homes have been built in Hiroshima than in any city in history during a comparable period. Out of more than 75,000 homes, 25,000 houses were left standing the day after the explosion; all these were beyond the perimeter of total destruction. Today, the number of homes has soared beyond 100,000 and there is every expectation that before the year is out there will be twice as many as there were before the war. Even so, the astonishing increase in population makes even this high figure inadequate. More people are living in Hiroshima today than before the explosion. No exact census figures are available, but the population one month after the bomb was estimated at approximately 135,000. As many as 220,000 may have been killed in the explosion, taking into account both the out-of-city people who were working on fire-bomb barriers and the large number of troops that were billeted on the site of the old castle. The population is now officially put at 370,000, with every expectation that it will reach half a million by 1960. This estimate may seem high, but the city officials do not plan to be caught short again—something that happened to most of their earlier predictions. They are determined to build an ideal city and they want to anticipate all the problems of expansion.

AS I listened to the city officials describe their phoenix-like vision, and as I observed the women laborers digging their pickaxes into the sun-baked ground, I wondered about the attitudes of the people. How did they feel in building for the long range in view of the contest today between the great powers in creating atomic killers that could make the Hiroshima explosion a puny incident by contrast? Did they feel that world peace was now assured and that they and the world's peoples were reasonably safe?

I talked to many people but I found no blind spots. There were no illusions about what was happening in the world. People I spoke to knew that the Hiroshima bomb was like a peashooter alongside the new hydrogen weapons; they knew all about radioactive fall-out because of what had happened to the Japanese fishermen. And they knew that no limits were being set on the size or number of such weapons. Yet not one of them believed that the city should suspend its reconstruction until the world became all neat and tidy and the peace firmly assured.

Mrs. Nakamura, the seamstress in John Hersey's "Hiroshima," was concerned about the tensions in the world but felt that rebuilding is an act of faith that has power in itself. For several years after the explosion Mrs. Nakamura lived in a wooden hut, with paper stuffed in the cracks to keep out the cold. Now she lives in one of the sturdy homes built by an American Quaker, Floyd Schmoe, who came to Hiroshima as one individual determined to ease the burden of the first human beings in history who had felt the weight of atomic horrors. "He is a wonderful man, Mr. Schmoe," Mrs. Nakamura said. "The people of this city will never forget him."

Mother Elizabeth Nagata, who supervises one of the orphanages involved in the Moral Adoptions program supported by *Saturday Review* readers, is getting ready to put up a new building for her children. "There are needs today that must be met. Tomorrow's needs will be even greater. We don't make a better world by sitting down and waiting for the worst to happen."

Whatever the attitudes of the people towards the rebuilding program, one thing is certain: the city is acutely conscious of its special place in history. My recent visit was the fourth time I was in Hiroshima since the end of the war; the bomb and all

(*Continued on page* 30)

This ultramodern children's library, near the center of the explosion, was built with funds sent from the United States.

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THE PUBLIC-SERVICE REVOLUTION

SR's *Third Annual Advertising Awards*

By WILLIAM D. PATTERSON

IN RECENT years the world has been so preoccupied with the Russian Communist revolution that it has often seemed to lose sight of the continuing American democratic revolution.

Even the Soviets have been baffled as their forecasts of economic and social chaos in the United States fail to materialize. The American economy not only shouldered a worldwide task of postwar relief and rehabilitation, unprecedented in scope, but has provided economic stability under which the standard of living of the average citizen has risen to the highest level of any society in history. At the same time prodigious contributions have been made to the economies of other nations.

This many-faceted achievement has made its weight felt in world affairs. It has helped force a shift in Soviet Russia's global strategy and has reflected a revolutionary development in the American economy which has not received as much attention here or abroad as it deserves. This development, it seems to us, might be called the "Public Service Revolution of American Industry."

While speaking in Chicago recently under the joint auspices of the U. S. Chamber of Commerce and American Trade Association Executives, the editor of *The Saturday Review* gave dramatic emphasis to this new socio-economic development. In the course of a report on the meaning of the Bandung conference and of the intensified Soviet effort to force a "showdown for the majority of the world's peoples . . . for the broad-based support of the preponderance" of the globe's population, he said:

"For the past ten years Soviet leaders have apparently been proceeding on the assumption—the classical Marxist assumption—that the free American economy would crack. At the heart of the Communist analysis has always been the belief that a free economy would face inevitable collapse following a major war. In fact, Soviet policy has done everything to accelerate that collapse. . . .

"After ten years of postwar strain and adjustment, however, the American economy has confounded its ideological critics. Except for a few adverse flurries, the economy has not only prospered but has been strengthened at the base as it went along. Individual savings have continued to mount. Small investors have multiplied. In recent years the portion of the Government dollar going into military expenditures has decreased. The productivity of the individual American worker has continued to go up.

"But even more significant than the statistics, perhaps, have been the profound changes within the structure of American industry itself. Less than a dozen years ago a great deal was said about the Managerial Revolution. Under this revolution the key figures in American enterprise ceased to be owners and became the managing operators. They were the men with the industrial know-how who actually ran the plants and who, because of their great value, were appointed or elected to the positions of management control.

"Superimposed on the Managerial Revolution, however, is yet another revolution—perhaps the most important development in the history of American free enterprise. This is what might be called the Public Service Revolution. American industry now realizes that its relations with the public-at-large is as vital as its raw materials or its labor supply or its ability to compete in the general market. Thus, leadership in industry today is measured first of all by a sense of public responsibility.

"A reflection of this is seen not only in the increasing support of public education but in their institutional advertising. For industry today realizes that a product is judged not only by the claims made for it but by the

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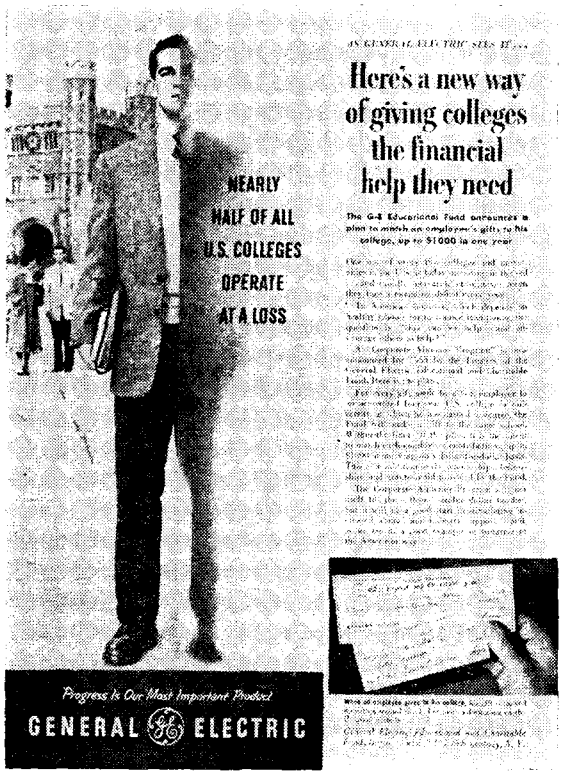
SR/ADVERTISING AWARDS



Reproduced above in reduced size are four of the prizewinning advertisements from *SR*'s Third Annual Awards. At the top left is Parke, Davis and Co.'s ad giving sound advice in amusing fashion on combatting high blood pressure; top right, Weyerhaeuser Timber Co. presents another of its stunning wild-life scenes as a frame for urging forest conservation and tree farming; lower left, General Electric announces a dramatic new program for financial aid to higher education; lower right, Lewis and Clark are the subjects of this handsome ad in John Hancock Mutual Life Insurance's distinguished series on the lives and ideals of great Americans.

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standing of the company itself in the community."

These comments seem appropriate now, when neither the protagonists nor the business critics of the Public Service Revolution seem clearly to grasp the social implications of this vital development in our economic system. Large companies today, with stockholders running into the hundreds of thousands, with huge labor forces, with complex public relations with the communities where they do business, with state and Federal bodies, and with the consuming public, now find themselves occupying the role of industrial governments, with all that the operation of government entails—all the way from a philosophy of public service and of management to maintaining themselves in office. The stockholders are their electorate, and frequently confront them with severe problems of electioneering.

At the same time their employes are stockholders and have a new kind of vested interest in the policies and profits of the corporation. Large and small universities are stockholders. Out of this dispersion of ownership and obligations has come, in the context of U. S. political democracy, a new type of economic democracy which has required successful managements to adopt a public service philosophy to ensure both profits and tenure.

Thus has emerged one of the extraordinary things about American business: its sense of responsibility for communicating with the American people about the ideas and aims that animate business and govern its multiple relations with our total society. This represents recognition of what far-sighted executives regard as business's stake as a good citizen in the community.

This phenomenon is, by and large, peculiar to the United States. It believes that the best private interest is that which best serves the public interest. No wonder the Russians have been baffled by the essential harmony and cooperative progress that currently characterize the American business sytem. Certainly very few business executives in Europe or elsewhere acknowledge any corporate obligation to inform the public about their policies or to perform any public service beyond making a profit.

The lead article in our last issue ["More Money for Our Colleges," *SR* July 30], by John W. Hill, president of Hill and Knowlton, and his associate, Albert L. Ayars, educational director, surveyed the impressive growth of programs by leading corporations for meeting the desperate needs of private U. S. colleges and universities for financial aid. While showing full respect for academic freedom, our most progressive corporations this year will give more than $70,000,000 in unrestricted funds to help meet the teaching and operating needs of scores of private institutions of higher learning.

As another aspect of the Public Service Revolution, *The Saturday Review* also announces in the adjoining pages the winners of its Third Annual Awards for advertising in the public interest. These awards were established as part of the magazine's continuing concern with the communications pattern in the United States and with the public-service philosophy and informational policies of U. S. business leadership.

After a prolonged screening of the whole vast area of general magazine advertising during the past year, twenty-four corporations or trade associations have been singled out to receive awards for sponsoring distinguished advertising in the public interest. In addition, the notable "Better Schools" and "Forest Fire Prevention" campaigns of The Advertising Council, the non-profit, public-service arm of the business and advertising communities, were cited for outstanding achievement.

SR's 1955 Awards were chosen by a committee of thirty-five judges, including leading educators, editors and publishers, public-opinion analysts, scholars, and advertising and public-relations executives. Their willing-

(*Continued on page* 33)

THIRD ANNUAL SR AWARDS: There follow in alphabetical order the names of the twenty-four advertisers who won *The Saturday Review*'s Third Annual Awards for distinguished advertising in the public interest, along with the names of the agencies which prepared the winning campaigns:

COMPANY	AGENCY
AMERICAN CYANAMID CO.	*Hazard Advertising Co., Inc.*
BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM	*N. W. Ayer & Son, Inc.*
BETHLEHEM STEEL CO.	*Jones & Brakeley, Inc.*
CATERPILLAR TRACTOR CO.	*N. W. Ayer & Son, Inc.*
CHASE NATIONAL BANK	*Kenyon & Eckhardt, Inc.*
CONTAINER CORP. OF AMERICA	*N. W. Ayer & Son, Inc.*
EASTMAN KODAK CO.	*J. Walter Thompson Co.*
EMPLOYERS MUTUAL OF WAUSAU, WIS.	*J. Walter Thompson Co.*
ETHYL CORP.	*Batten, Barton, Durstine & Osborn, Inc.*
GENERAL ELECTRIC CO.	*Batten, Barton, Durstine & Osborn, Inc.*
GRUMMAN AIRCRAFT ENGINEERING CORP.	*Fuller & Smith & Ross, Inc.*
JOHN HANCOCK MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE CO.	*McCann-Erickson, Inc.*
KENNECOTT COPPER CORP.	*Cunningham & Walsh, Inc.*
METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE CO.	*Young & Rubicam, Inc.*
MINNEAPOLIS STAR & TRIBUNE	*Batten, Barton, Durstine & Osborn, Inc.*
NORFOLK & WESTERN RAILWAY CO.	*Houck & Co., Inc.*
PARKE, DAVIS & CO.	*Young & Rubicam, Inc.*
PHILADELPHIA BULLETIN	*N. W. Ayer & Son, Inc.*
RAND McNALLY & CO.	*Calkins & Holden, Inc.*
SUGAR INFORMATION, INC.	*Leo Burnett, Inc.*
UNION CARBIDE & CARBON CORP.	*J. M. Mathes, Inc.*
UNITED AIRCRAFT CORP.	*Lennen & Newell, Inc.*
UNITED STATES STEEL CORP.	*Batten, Barton, Durstine & Osborn, Inc.*
WEYERHAEUSER TIMBER CO.	*Cole & Weber, Inc.*
THE ADVERTISING COUNCIL:	
BETTER SCHOOLS	*Benton & Bowles, Inc.*
FOREST FIRE PREVENTION	*Foote, Cone & Belding*

Because of the closeness of the voting in the Committee, the ten runners-up for awards are also listed here in alphabetical order:

COMPANY	AGENCY
AETNA INSURANCE GROUP	*Charles W. Hoyt Co., Inc.*
DIAMOND ALKALI CO.	*Fuller & Smith & Ross, Inc.*
GOODYEAR TIRE & RUBBER CO.	*Kudner Agency, Inc.*
RAYONIER, INC.	*Brooke, Smith, French & Dorrance, Inc.*
EQUITABLE LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY	*Kenyon & Eckhardt, Inc.*
MASSACHUSETTS MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE CO.	*J. Walter Thompson Co.*
TENNESSEE GAS TRANSMISSION CO.	*H. B. Humphrey, Alley & Richards, Inc.*
U. S. INDEPENDENT TELEPHONE ASSN.	*J. M. Mathes, Inc.*
WARNER & SWASEY CO.	*Griswold-Eshleman Co.*
WESTERN ELECTRIC CO.	*Cunningham & Walsh, Inc.*

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THE BOMB

Faith from the Inferno

"Hiroshima Diary: The Journal of a Japanese Physician," by Michihiko Hachiya *(translated and edited by Warner Wells, M.D., University of North Carolina Press. 238 pp. $3.50), is the record of thoughts and acts between August 6 and September 30, 1945. It is reviewed here by Dr. William M. Hitzig, a practicing internist and diagnostician, a member of the staff of The Mount Sinai Hospital, New York City.*

By William M. Hitzig, M.D.

EACH time has its own peculiarly appropriate horror. The horror of our time is the supreme symbol of our time—Hiroshima, the apex of modern science and of modern politics. Hiroshima is the strange and compelling summing-up of man's potential for growth and death.

Now comes a book which artlessly, and perhaps unintentionally, gives vivid life to this complex theme. Michihiko Hachiya, director of the Hiroshima Communications Hospital, his body disfigured, his society destroyed, his country defeated, his Emperor diminished, his science impotent, clearly and precisely documents the inferno. "Hiroshima Diary: The Journal of a Japanese Physician" is a chronicle of a descent into that inferno; but, most remarkable of all, it is a story of the capacity of man to return and survive.

In May of this year I spent several hours with Dr. Hachiya at his hospital. His face is scarred. One of his arms has limited mobility (he cannot spare the time for surgical repair). His entire body is tattooed with souvenirs of the first bomb. And yet he seems obsessed with the idea that love and the capacity for love is the primary instrument of political and social life.

The night before I left Dr. Hachiya, in characteristic Japanese fashion, searched among his possessions for a departing gift to give me. He handed me a small box, no more than two inches long. Inside it, carefully wrapped, was a large fragment of windowpane glass, oxidized and fused by the blast into quartz-like opacity at one end. The fragment had been buried deep in the upper part of his thigh on August 6, 1945. When it was taken out, he kept it as something of a symbol of the change that had taken place in himself as the result of the explosion. His book reflects that change.

DR. HACHIYA does not merely report the holocaust and its consequences in his diary. He reveals the infinite dimensions of the struggle for survival. His day-to-day reports are documentary in nature—nothing is left out, nothing is concealed. The stink of hell is there. For the first time the incredible aftermath of the bomb is thoroughly revealed and explored—even the curious psychological patterns which find a man of science wondering at moments whether he has gone insane. Strange, macabre laughter; the sheer inability to find order

—From "Hiroshima Diary."

Dr. Hachiya's hospital—"The stink of hell is there."

THE AUTHOR: Dr. Michihiko Hachiya, of Hiroshima, is a survivor of the *pika*. He had spent the early morning hours of August 6, 1945, at his air-raid post in the Hiroshima Communications Hospital, of which he was director, and finally knocked off at 4 A.M. The sky had been quiet. He went home—his home was roughly 4,500 feet from where the big bomb went off a few hours later—but, too restless to sleep, he absentmindedly lolled about in his underwear in the *hanareya,* a kind of room for contemplation. "Suddenly a strong flash of light startled me—and then another," he later recalled. For a split-second he wondered whether the flash was caused by a magnesium flare or maybe a passing trolley, but then all hell broke loose and he stopped wondering. Later, like two billion other upper vertebrates from Hiroshima to Hiroshima, he learned what the flash was all about. *Pika,* in Japanese, means a glitter, a sparkle, a flash of light, and the word has come to mean the A-bombing of Hiroshima. Dr. Hachiya chronicled his own as well as his city's recuperation on bits of paper. Twenty-two days after the *pika* a friend of his dropped in at the shattered hospital and asked how the diary was going. "You know what difficulty I have as a writer," he replied, remembering his "Daruma to Tora," a clinical diary. "I have the same trouble this time. Perhaps more, because I am out of practice and so many things distract me." Some years later Dr. Hachiya was persuaded to serialize his diary in the *Teishin Igaku,* a medical journal. It was about then—1951—that he met Dr. Warner Wells, of North Carolina, of the Atomic Bomb Casualty Commission. The two became friends, and Dr. Wells took it as a personal responsibility to make the diary available in English. "Dr. Hachiya's consent," recalls Dr. Wells, now on the surgery staff at the University of North Carolina Medical School, "sprang from the hope that it would have a sobering effect on those who would wage aggressive war in the future." Ten years after A-Day Dr. Hachiya still runs the Hiroshima hospital. "Life," he said the other day, "is a little more pleasant now."

—BERNARD KALB.

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in thought and existence; the simplest techniques of biological habit going astray; the retention of old values and the acceptance of new; the primitive emergence of elementary medicine; the search for political reality; the appearance of the hoodlum and the saint; the screaming, shattering horrors of pain and death—all these are details in an epic canvas. This is, after all, the essential meaning of the A-Bomb and Hiroshima.

This book has important technical values. To the physician, the civil-defense worker, the fire departments, the police, this book gives the lie to complacency. Suffice it to say that thousands of lives could have been saved if Hiroshima had been given the time to adjust and prepare for the reality of the bomb. Blast, fire, panic, starvation, malnutrition, exposure, sunstroke, and electrolyte imbalance killed as effectively as primary and secondary radiation. Good, orthodox medical techniques could not cope with the unknown. Population dispersal and resettlement would have saved the stunned thousands who wandered aimlessly to their destruction. Civil defense tests cease to be irritating inconveniences with the memory of this book firmly implanted in the public mind.

Clear, precise, and (ironically enough) exciting narrative reveals the most important phenomenon. Incredible as it may seem, the hell produced an almost utopian living together and sharing together. The community of suffering became the community of loving. There were exceptions. Hoodlumism did break out: there were the usual bureaucratic *idiocies*; there were the expected venalities. But these were the exceptions. For the most part, this community watched the coming of the dreaded signs of radiation disease and shielded its members from the horrors of despair. In keeping with this spirit, there is not one word or expression of hatred in this book—or in the mouths of the little civilization that lived and perished in the Hiroshima Communications Hospital. In hell, they learned the ultimate power of selflessness, the human weapon that negated the bomb.

This truly remarkable book by Dr. Hachiya has been translated by Warner Wells, M.D., one of the American physicians who came to Hiroshima where, as surgical consultant to the Atomic Bomb Casualty Commission, he met the author and became inspired with this phenomenon of our time. The quality of his translation is a tribute to himself and to those in Hiroshima who gave him the insight into the deeper meaning of this journal of our time.

Special Light on the Lurid Flash

"A Chronicle of Jeopardy, 1945-1955," by Rexford Guy Tugwell *(University of Chicago Press. 489 pp. $7.50), offers the troubled reflections of a political science professor written on each of the anniversaries following the dropping of the first A-bomb. It is reviewed here by David O. Woodbury, author of "Atoms for Peace" and the forthcoming "Total War or Total Peace."*

By David O. Woodbury

MR. Rexford Guy Tugwell is a writer of great experience and power. And in a style sometimes as lurid as the most hysterical journalese, he uses his every skill—as well as the atomic bomb—to alarm us in his present book. Doom looms incessantly in his pages, coming ever closer. By his own word a believer in collectivism, he pictures an America, entangled in her chains of free enterprise, hurtling downward into some atomic hell, dragging a frightened world after her. Tragically, he believes all this implicitly. To him our only remaining hope lies in clawing our way back to the haven of the welfare state before the last blinding atomic flash consumes us.

It is a pity that in the dawn of the use of atomic energy for peace Mr. Tugwell has only an angry look backward into the night to offer us. It is also unfortunate that a writer of such power as Mr. Tugwell should deliberately use his pen and prominence to bend history to the uses of special pleading, and that he should ring in the atomic bomb to do it all. Yet he does almost nothing else in 489 pages of closely-knit diatribe against the numerous enemies of extreme socialism. The "economic royalists," the "malefactors of great wealth," the "interests in scarcity"—all this weary company of New Deal scapegoats have been hauled out of their graves again. There is hardly a paragraph in all this monumental work, covering the interwoven political and nuclear history of the past decade, that is not loaded with cynical abuse of everything America has done since Hiroshima. One looks eagerly for some small plateau of relief but must stumble on without rest.

As I understand the word "Chronicle" in Mr. Tugwell's title, it suggests

—*Scott Long*, Minneapolis Tribune.

"Which Is Going to Revolve Around Which?"

an objective historic account. But Mr. Tugwell's "Chronicle" is sadly remote from any such thing. He uses the awesome weapon of the atomic bomb irresponsibly to bludgeon his readers into a distrust of the American system. This is no objective inquiry into the science of the atomic bomb. To use the atomic scientists' achievements in the half-light of insufficient understanding, as Mr. Tugwell does, is a false use. To use them in the service of special propaganda is to betray nature and mankind. Yet the author quotes in many places the published misgivings of certain young atomic workers. These have great force and lend authenticity to his plea for panic. But never does he give us the obverse opinion which is held by dozens, even hundreds, of older and more responsible men who see beyond the lurid flash at Hiroshima to the long steady pull of benevolent atomic forces. Never does he mention the already magnificent achievements of the atom in medicine, in agriculture, in industry, in research. The reason: these victories do not lend credibility to Mr. Tugwell's own arguments.

I wish I could see an accurate historical contribution in this voluminous account of an exploratory period that was actually filled with devotion, with hope, and with skilful scientific achievement. For the book is obviously intended as a definitive text for students. But I can see only propaganda and a scientific distortion, both wilfully fashioned to buttress old arguments.

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FICTION

Passionate Parricide

"A Tale for Midnight," by Frederic Prokosch *(Little, Brown. 354 pp. $3.95), is a fictional reconstruction of the murder of Francesco Cenci, one of the most intriguing mysteries of the Italian Renaissance.*

By Harvey Curtis Webster

EITHER because he's read Shelley's best play, "The Cenci," or because he's read about the Italian Renaissance, many a literate person has wondered at one time or another what the "truth" about the murder of Francesco Cenci is. Was Francesco—crook, cruel father, sodomite, and omnivorous lecher—also guilty of raping his daughter? Was Beatrice Cenci a "victim" driven to parricide or a ruthless representative of the Late (and Low) Renaissance? I do not know the answer, but Frederic Prokosch, helped by George Santayana and a number of Italian scholars, may. Certainly his new novel "A Tale for Midnight," is a plausible reconstruction of what very probably happened.

Mr. Prokosch's version of the truth goes like this. Debt-ridden, unsure of how long his "connections" could keep him from jail, Francesco left Rome for La Petrella, accompanied by his wife, Lucrezia, and his daughter, Beatrice. In the worst of climates, deprived of comfort and civilized company, finally (when Francesco left for a time) locked in her apartment, Beatrice decided she must kill her father. When she was released upon his return, she plotted with her lover, Olimpio, the seneschal at La Petrella, how murder could most safely be done. After two failures, Beatrice finally succeeded in getting Olimpio to commit the murder she willed and that her stepmother and brothers sanctioned. For a long time, influential friends, luck, and her own bravery before threatened and executed torture kept her safe. Ultimately, Moscato, criminal prosecutor for the Vicar of Rome, got the evidence necessary to execute her, her stepmother, and her older brother. In Mr. Prokosch's version, Beatrice was both sinner and sinned against. Her conviction was neither an injustice nor a justice. What Beatrice did and what was done to her illustrates the corruptive force of undisciplined aggressiveness in the society of her time. Everyone and no one was guilty.

If it is adequately publicized, "A Tale for Midnight" will become a best seller. It is, to quote Mr. Prokosch, his "first novel to be dedicated wholly to narrative, to storytelling *per se* and above all." I raced through it as if it were a mystery and learned quite a bit neither Shelley nor history had taught me. Although I felt the first part of the story somewhat slow-moving and the style frequently banal ("He hurled himself on his lady like a man athirst in a desert; his lips moved ravenously across her body, sipping the savor from her skin"), there was real tenseness in the sections immediately preceding and following the murder. In other words, I was entertained and rewarded slightly by a plausible interpretation of a part of history that interests nearly everyone who knows about it. Perhaps that is all Mr. Prokosch intended a reader to get from the book.

However, since I have admired greatly Mr. Prokosch's "The Seven Who Fled," "The Conspirators," and their more moderately illuminating successors, I was disappointed. Mr. Prokosch is a good novelist and a very good poet. It is a sad commentary on him, our time, or the too minute rewards offered for good writing and serious thinking that Mr. Prokosch felt it necessary to write a novel that can at best be described as a better-than-average specimen of the historical fiction that weighs down too many bookshelves and clutters up too many minds.

Prokosch—"plausible interpretation."

Shapiro—"Overlord is in the past."

Nostalgic Overlord

"The Sixth of June," by Lionel Shapiro *(Doubleday. 351 pp. $3.95), is a romantic yet serious novel about the Normandy invasion, and especially about the problems, military as well as amorous, of a man from Connecticut participating in it.*

By Hollis Alpert

LIONEL SHAPIRO'S "The Sixth of June" is probably the most romantically conceived of any of the more serious novels about World War II. In a brief foreword the author states that he likes to think of his book as "a historical novel," and hopes that it won't sound like a literary impertinence, since, after all, hardly more than a decade has passed since Operation Overlord, the code name for the Normandy invasion. It's sobering to realize, as Mr. Shapiro clearly does, that Overlord, as a type of military operation, has become as outmoded, as antique, as the Battle of Bull Run; that a similar invasion could no longer be mounted, if ever the historical necessity arose; that the whole vast panoply of men, machines, ships, and weapons could be rendered impotent with the greatest of ease, perhaps with no more effort involved than the pushing of a few buttons.

Overlord has faded into the past, and who would have thought at the time that it could be looked back upon nostalgically, in a mere eleven years? Mr. Shapiro looks back nostalgically, and quite successfully. His novel uses as its background the preparations for the Normandy assault. The story he has to tell is a love story, a simple,

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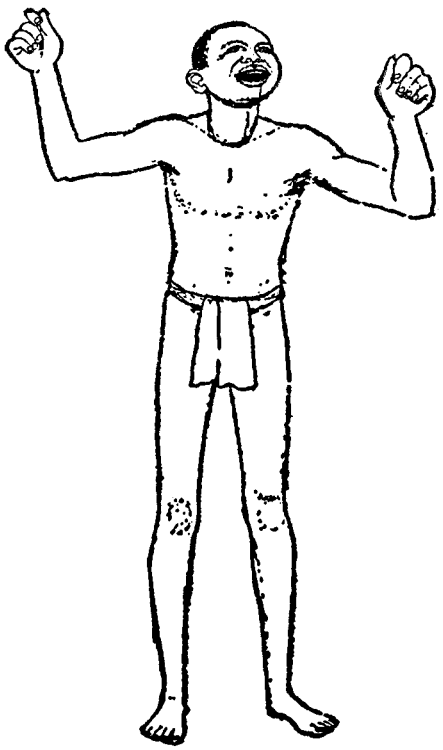

remarkably uncomplicated love story. The hero is a young American officer, assigned to a minor staff position at the planning headquarters in London. There he quickly forgets his marriage vows to the rich daughter of a New England newspaper family, falls in love with a ladylike British beauty, and has a good many soul struggles thereafter over this not uncommon problem.

As a further complication, the British girl has promised herself, sort of idealistically, to an exceedingly brave British Commando officer. By a series of skilfully arranged coincidences, the American officer becomes a member of Special Force 6, an outfit charged with the mission of taking out a key Normandy fortification. Who is eventually put in command of the special force? The Commando officer, of course. So, both men go into the inferno with two unanswered questions: will they capture the fortification, and who will win Valerie?

This sort of material is obviously contrived, but it is made reasonably palatable by the author's skill at narrative and construction, and because he has made effective use of the background. His descriptions of the headquarters activity sound fairly authentic; some of the officer types he brings in as minor characters seem recognizable. If there is little depth to the characterizations, the event itself is always there to cast its enormous shadow over everyone. No one will be surprised to learn that Hollywood has bought the book. One only wonders: where will they ever get all the ships and troops to make the channel crossing look convincing?

Notes

GRAB-BAG: Those two British diplomats who went A. W. O. L. from the Foreign Office have been the subject of much literary speculation (and at least one novel). Nothing, however, that this reviewer has seen measures up in quality to another one, Rodney Garland's convincing reconstruction of a couple of mixed-up personalities in **"The Troubled Midnight"** (Coward-McCann, $3.50). Mr. Garland has his two young men go East for a plausible mixture of motive, mostly on the sordid side, and he involves them in an exciting battle of wits with an old school chum who tries to bag them for British Intelligence. This is a Grade A thriller that is steeped in reality.

"Man on Spikes" (McGraw-Hill, $3.75) is mainly the ironic history of a minor league ballplayer who is brought up to the majors after his youthful skills have faded. But Eliot Asinof's excellent novel also concerns the sloughing off of standards and the meaning of personal integrity. In describing the career of one Mike Kutner, who deserved better than sixteen hungry years in the bush leagues, Mr. Asinof succeeds in communicating a zest for the national pastime, and a cynical appreciation of its commercial realities.

Five desperate characters, lamming from Kimberley to Pretoria with a bagful of stolen diamonds, can be expected to involve themselves in some interesting difficulties, and in Robert Kreppa's chronicle of nineteenth-century South Africa, they do just that. With their progress constantly noted on the jungle telegraph —their running battle with steamy environment and personal frailties makes **"Tell It on the Drums"** (Macmillan, $3) a highly satisfactory adventure novel in a distinctive and fascinating atmosphere.

Mika Waltari, author of the massive "The Egyptian," lays a few personal demons in an involved little allegory in which the temptations of the flesh and the pains of authorship are almost thoroughly obscured by a series of symbolic vignettes. The reader who would like to learn for himself how a muskrat almost consumed the author's personal oyster, and what was told him by a pragmatic owl, is directed to **"A Nail Merchant at Nightfall"** (Putnam, $3).

"Blizzard" (Doubleday, $3.50), a featherweight entry by Phil Stong, maroons in a snowstorm a collection of oddly assorted parties. A susceptible state senator, his insufferable daughter, a mysterious lady on the make, and other wayfarers cross emotional trails in a snowbound farmhouse that becomes a transient Grand Motel.

"Laugh Till You Cry" (Dutton, $2.50), by the British humorist, Wolf Mankowitz, is a slender and slapstick addition to the literature of utopia. A salesman of practical jokes (exploding cigars, itching powder, etc.) finds himself marooned among the primitive Ditt islanders, who have a civilized devotion to conspicuous waste and to "the substitution of meaningless objects for the true essentials of life." The salesman awes the Ditt with his sample case of tricks, but he himself is corrupted by their social climate—until the light of pure reason finally dawns on drummer and tribesmen alike. Mr. Mankowitz's satire is usually sharp, and some of his observations (on the love life of the tired Ditt businessman, for example) are very funny indeed. But the vapid elysium that he dreams up for his ignoble savages seems no more desirable than what they had before.

Diana Tutton, an English lady whose previous novel was a fey treatment of psychosis, uncovers an interesting kind of mother-in-law trouble in

—Illustrations from "Laugh Till You Cry."

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"Mamma" (Macmillan, $3.50). Mamma (a spirited widow of forty-one), son-in-law (a heavily moustached thirty-five), and daughter (a simpering twenty-one) are quartered in mamma's cute little cottage. Mamma and daughter's hubby discover a mutual interest in Donne and in each other, and only their British reserve averts disaster.

Everett ("Chat") Chatham, demon hotelier and lady killer, has his hands full managing a New England pleasure dome known as "The Atlantic Dunes Hotel." What with his penchant for firewater and "clandestine and violent affairs" with the patrons—and with a mobster trying to buy in—old Chat almost doesn't last till Labor Day. But the end of Arnold Gifford's unvarnished **"Hotel Fever"** (Crown, $3.50) finds "Mr. Hotel" bigger than ever, though a bit unsteady from overexposure to his occupational hazards.

That Wally Cox! What a crazy guy! He comes up now with something called **"Mr. Peepers"** (Simon & Schuster, $3.50), which is billed as "a sort of novel." It was written, admits the title page, "with the assistance of William Redfield" and, confesses the flyleaf, "grateful acknowledgment is made to David Swift, Jim Fritzell, and Everett Greenbaum, on whose ideas and scripts these chapters are based." Television viewers who buy this corporate venture will recognize gobs of familiar dialogue, ingested directly from the "Mr. Peepers" show. (Next week: "Uncle Tom's Cabin," by Topsy, with the assistance of Harriet Beecher Stowe.)

"Children of the Black-Haired People" (Rinehart, $5), by the Orientalist Evan King, is a rambling but frequently intriguing discourse on the social structure of a Chinese village in the Shansi Province, around 1927. It's true that Mr. King's book also includes a love story (involving the successful attempt of a peasant and a slave girl to flout ancient marriage customs), but the author never lets it get in the way of his lectures on calligraphy, necromancy, and the sexual behavior of the Chinese male and female. In spite of the novel's draughty structure and its sometimes disturbing conglomeration of diction, "Children of the Black-Haired People" conjures up a rich and authoritative atmosphere.

"The Captive City" (Sloane, $3.50) illuminates the confused winter of 1944, when, in Greece, another tyranny almost succeeded in filling the political vacuum left by the departed Nazi armies. The scene of John Appleby's thoughtful thriller is a beleaguered Athens hotel. Inside the

(*Continued on page* 35)

THE MIDDLE EAST

Brief on "Old Bulletproof"

"Egypt's Destiny," by Mohammed Naguib *(Doubleday. 256 pp. $4), is a "personal statement" about his life and political activities by the major general who, nominally at least, now rules Egypt. Hal Lehrman, our reviewer, travels frequently in and writes prolifically about the Middle East and Central Europe.*

By Hal Lehrman

THE history of Major General Mohammed Naguib's "Egypt's Destiny" is nearly as turbulent as the career of its "author." When the contract was signed, General Naguib was Prime Minister-President of Egypt and apparently top-kick of an Army-led revolution which had sacked King Farouk and seemed riding hell-for-camelskin to give Egypt back to the Egyptians. In the year it took for the book to get itself written, Naguib was kidnaped bodily out of his two high offices, then reinstated in both, then shorn of his Cabinet command, then propped up as a puppet President. Since delivery of the manuscript (with carbon copy to London where it was published last winter) "Old Bulletproof" has been heaved out again by his "junior colleagues," as he calls the young officers now doubling for Pharoah in the Land of the Nile. At last report, according to this reviewer's private G-2, the Delta's self-styled "reluctant dictator" was resting comfortably under house arrest in a villa and garden at Marg, near Cairo—incommunicado even to mail from his publishers.

A fly-leaf sentence graciously acknowledges the "editorial assistance" of the itinerant and accomplished foreign correspondent, Leigh White. But internal evidence suggests that White must have pumped everything out of Naguib, gone off with the notes, and returned with a book whose every page betrays a fine American hand. This is not only visible in quaint American allusions—to Texas Rangers, pre-repeal internal revenue agents, and such—as unlikely for Naguib as they would be for a moon man.

The professional touch also shows in the total switch in style and personality from an earlier magazine article published here with another

Naguib—"now resting under house arrest."

writer's aid. Where the article was floridly Arabesque, filled with solemn heroics and invocations to Allah, this autobiographical "Personal Statement" is fast-paced, stocked with anecdote, humor, and clean writing. Naguib emerges the very model of a modern major general and benevolent statesman, earnest, brave, likable, and good—though, even by his own accounting, a shade dim-witted politically.

There are charming glimpses of boyhood in the Sudan, where Mohammed, the second of an Egyptian officer's brood of ten, played with mud chessmen, planted radishes in the dung-loaded family roof. His innate patriotism was fortified through floggings at a British-staffed academy, blacklisting by the British military, and getting crowned with a beer bottle by a South African trooper who pinched his wallet. Later, it was Naguib's keenest pleasure to loosen Britain's clutch on his beloved Sudan and inch the Empire toward a Suez exit.

Another prime abomination was fat Farouk, that caricature of a monarch surrounded by "trollops and toadies," ruling via valet, butler, chauffeur ("Director of the Royal Garages"), bookkeeper, and other seamy agents. A characteristic note on Farouk's high-minded reign: "The King . . . built himself a summer palace with stolen materials on stolen land with . . . stolen labor." Nevertheless, Na-

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guib's story of the abdication is kinder than, and significantly revised from, this previous magazine version.

Israel receives her usual Arab compliments. Naguib proposes peace on terms which cut the new state's throat. He blandly asserts that Egypt's "right" to bar Israel from Suez "has not been seriously challenged"! He alibis away the invading Egyptian debacle in Israel—he was second in command—by tall tales of munitions rackets and UN connivance. Actually, his "exposé" makes Egyptian taste and talent for live combat appear feebler than ever.

In detailing the social reforms he began or dreamed of during his brief moment on top, Naguib is more convincing. Disarmingly, he recalls the blunders of his first months: "A lot of people concluded we didn't know what we were doing. We did. [But] we didn't know how . . ." One has the impression that, if unhampered, Naguib might ultimately have made progress against mass Egyptian misery, land hunger, and disease. But he reckoned without a "junior colleague," Lieut. Col. Gamal Abd el Nasser.

According to Nasser, Naguib wanted to dictate even to the military junta which had installed him. According to informed outsiders, Naguib was dropped because he had absurd plans for government of, by, and for a people incapable of such refinements. And according to Naguib—still nominally in office—he and Nasser simply disagreed on tactics: one-man or twelve-man rule, and the speed of internal political freedoms.

Wherever the virtue lies, even Naguib's cautious recital of bumbling coup after coup betrays the infantilism of the much-advertised "Egyptian Revolution." It sharpens Farouk's shot at Naguib on sailing off to Riviera exile: "Your task will be difficult. It isn't easy, you know, to govern Egypt." And, especially in the light of the Arab League's current decrepitude, it makes positively pathetic Naguib's final vision of nothing less than a grand federation of Arab states, something like Switzerland or the U.S.A., with one passport, one army, one economy, and one parliament.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 1114)

W. A. PERCY:
LANTERNS ON THE LEVEE

Trains rushing over a receding curve of thunder have their own glory. But they are gone too quickly, like a meteor, to become part of your own deep self. The sound of the river-boats hangs inside your heart like a star.

Dig to the Dim Horizons

"Excavations at Ur," by Sir Leonard Woolley *(Thomas Y. Crowell. 262 pp. $5.50), is a profusely illustrated popular report on twelve years of excavation work on an ancient Near Eastern city that illuminates the emergence of Western civilization. Professor Edith Porada of Queens College, who reviews it here, is co-author of "Corpus of Ancient Near Eastern Seals in North American Collections."*

By Edith Porada

EXCITING discoveries, foreign lands and peoples, occasional spy work—these are the notions which the general public associates with archeologists working in Asia or Africa. In the case of Sir Leonard Woolley such romantic ideas seem almost justified. For half a century he has successfully reconstructed man's history from remains hidden under yards of earth in Nubia, Egypt, Syria, and Turkey, and in both world wars he served as an intelligence agent for his country.

Sir Leonard's lasting fame, however, is based on his discoveries at Ur in modern Iraq where he worked from 1922 to 1934. Before he began to excavate the site, the history of Ur had been known in bare outline back to about 2100 B.C., when King Ur-Nammu founded the Third Dynasty of Ur which ruled for five generations over the entire valley of the Euphrates and Tigris. In the course of excavations at Ur, knowledge of its past was extended to the beginning of the third millennium and beyond that to the gray horizons of prehistoric village cultures. Traces of reed and clay dwellings, flint and obsidian tools, and boldly painted pottery were recognized as the remains of the first settlers in the marshy plain which had been built up by the silt of the two rivers. The prominence given to these remains was a result of the increased interest in man's earliest development, an interest which became especially intense after the First World War when enough evidence had been accumulated to connect, however tentatively, the emergence of civilization in Western Asia with the subsequent history of European man. Equally early remains excavated at other sites in the last century were scarcely noted by their finders beside the art works of later ages.

In contrast to these nineteenth-century excavators, who mainly tried to find interesting exhibits for their museums, Sir Leonard proceeded carefully and methodically. In fact, he put off for four years the excavation of a cemetery which promised rich finds, to train himself and his workmen for the task by digging other sectors requiring less subtle techniques.

When the cemetery was finally excavated, it yielded sensational results: persons buried in underground chambers in which were heaped objects wrought of gold, silver, lapis lazuli, and other precious materials. Leading down to the chambers were pits in which lay the bodies of the retinue of the deceased, ladies with headdresses of beech leaves made of gold with gold or silver ribbons and beads of lapis lazuli and carnelian, soldiers with their helmets, spears, and mantles, even two wagons drawn by oxen. These discoveries were all the more surprising since the later inhabitants of the Tigris and Euphrates valley believed the dead to be relegated to an abode of darkness and dust. This concept of death is diametrically opposed to the Egyptian belief in an after-life which caused the wealth of funerary equipment to be placed in the tombs of the Egyptian kings. The explanation of the tombs of Ur is therefore a problem which has not yet been solved. Sir Leonard believes them to be graves of royalty, followed into another life by their court. After his publication in 1934 of "The Royal Cemetery," a monumental work in two volumes, some scholars disagreed with his interpretation and suggested instead that the tombs hold victims of a fertility rite or a rite of atonement in which substitutes died for king and queen. It is indicative of Sir Leonard's scholarly integrity that he acquaints the reader with views other than his own even in a general account such as his newly published book, "Excavations at Ur: A Record of Twelve Years' Work."

The illustrations in it are, with a few additions, the same as those in the first popular report on the excavations, "Ur of the Chaldees," published in 1929. The earlier text, however, has been retained only for the descrip-

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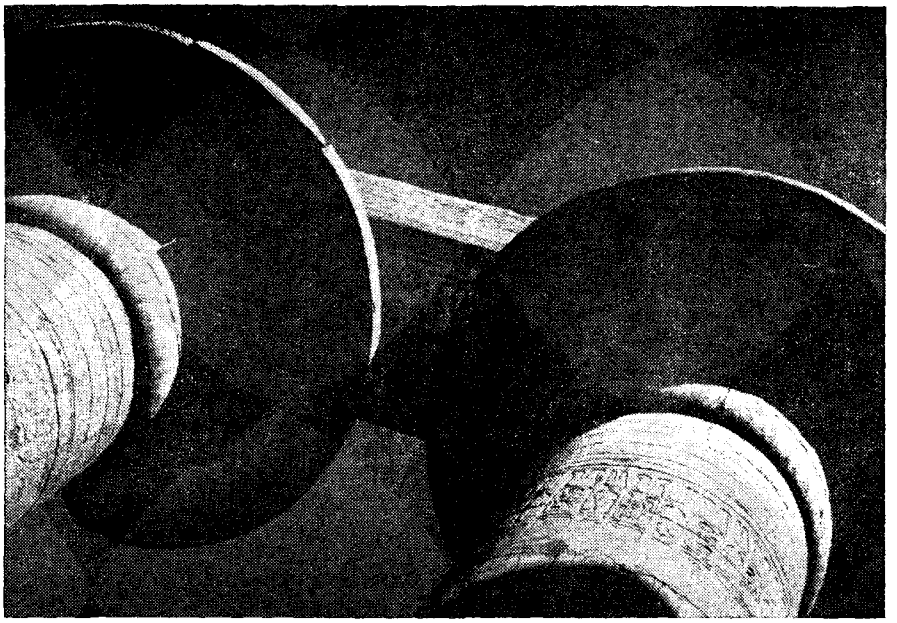
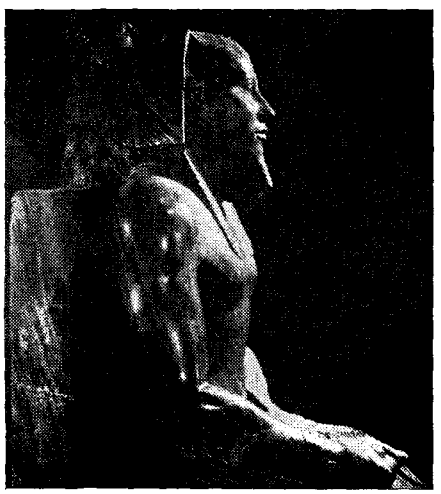
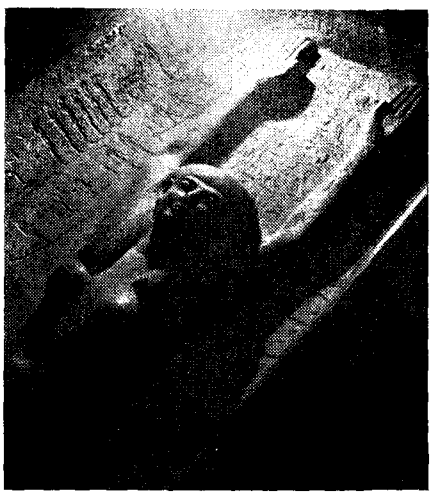


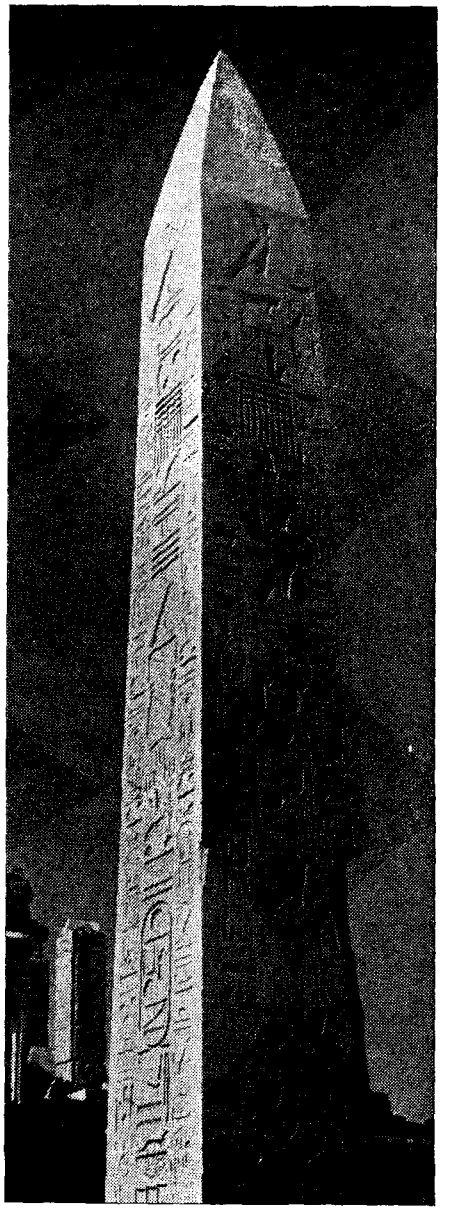
The capitals of the columns at Karnak were each capable of holding fifty standing people.



Stone falcon (upper left) guards a Pharaoh.



Interior of sarcophagus lid of Psousennes I.

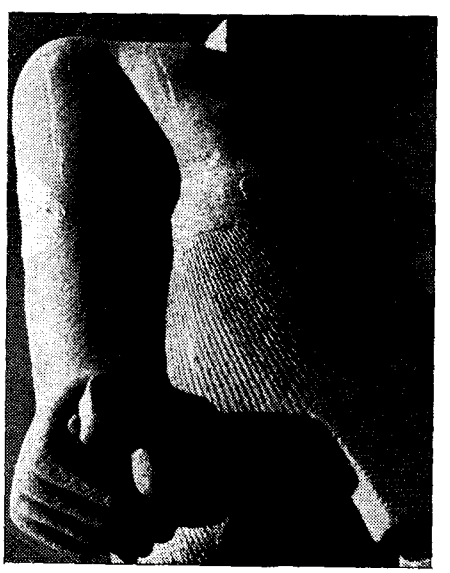


Granite obelisk of Pharaoh Tuthmosis I.

The Wonders That Were Egypt

The Palette of Narmer.

FEW works of ancient art have been more assiduously photographed than the wonders that were Egypt. But even these have rarely been more strikingly interpreted in photographs than they now have been by French photographer Michel Audrain who, along with the French film-producer Samivel, made an expedition down the Nile in 1954. M. Audrain's photographs form the backbone of a new book called **"The Glory of Egypt"** (Vanguard Press, $10); M. Samivel's text accompanies them. Though to most readers the photographs may seem to surpass the text, M. Samivel has also supplied something new in archeological interpretations. For, in addition to including a dozen or so examples of ancient Egyptian prose and verse, he himself has written an essay setting forth his own fresh and original theory of why the pyramids were built. M. Samivel's hypothesis: the pyramids were intended by the Egyptians as artificial mountains for their flat land in the hope that, by so constructing them, they could draw nearer to the mountain gods of their early, pre-Nile ancestors. —JOHN HAVERSTICK.



Statue in Great Hypostyle Hall of Karnak.

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Economic Reality for Export

"The Political Economy of American Foreign Policy" *(Henry Holt. 414 pp. $6), is a report on its concepts, strategy, and limits, sponsored by the Woodrow Wilson Foundation and the National Planning Association, and written by William Y. Elliott (chairman), Frank Altschul, Richard M. Bissell, Jr., Courtney C. Brown, H. Van B. Cleveland, Theodore Geiger, Harry D. Gideonse, Edward S. Mason, and Don K. Price. Here it is reviewed by Howard S. Piquet, senior specialist in international economics, Legislative Reference Service, Library of Congress.*

By Howard S. Piquet

WHEN nine persons with the experience and ability of the authors of "The Political Economy of American Foreign Policy" combine their talents to prepare a work on such a vital subject it ought to be headline news. When they can agree, without major dissent, upon 414 pages of text it can be concluded that what they have to say is either innocuous or vitally important to us all.

Their book is far from innocuous. Indeed, it constitutes a landmark in thinking and writing on the subject. Among other things, it is an answer to the criticism "orthodox" economists are prone to make, that "institutionalists" are not constructive in their writings. Here is an institutional work that is not only constructive, but also eloquent.

In it we see why foreign economic policy cannot be dissociated from foreign policy, of which it is a most important dimension. The theme of the book is that the central purpose of American foreign policy should be to bring about a better integrated, and a more effectively functioning, international economic system. This cannot be done, however, merely by attempting to rebuild the institutions and relationships which characterized the world economy of the nineteenth century. The task, rather, is to develop new attitudes and new institutions consistent with contemporary political realities.

The title of the book, significantly, is not the "economics" of American foreign policy. This is because it is written in the tradition of the political economy of Adam Smith and David Ricardo, and not in the tradition of the economics of Alfred Marshall and his more mathematically-minded followers. This is not to say that the authors advocate a system of *laissez-faire*—far from it. But it is written as one might suppose Adam Smith would write if he were living today. The emphasis is not upon the deductive elaboration of assumed relationships between contemporary economic forces, but upon an effort to understand, and to find effective means of fostering, "the dynamic processes of economic transformation and growth."

There is a great difference between the position of the United States in mid-twentieth century and the position of Great Britain in mid-nineteenth century. In the earlier period Britain's was the leading economy among many, no one of which was far ahead of the others in size and production. Today, the United States is the dominant country in the free world, not because of positive political leadership, but because of its unbelievably great wealth and productivity. With a population only half the size of that of other Western countries combined, the United States has achieved an industrial production more than 60 per cent greater than the total of theirs.

In the nineteenth century the British economy was more dependent upon the economies of the rest of the world than they were upon it. The ratio of foreign trade to British national income, therefore, was high and the pound sterling circulated freely throughout the world.

Today, in contrast, other countries are much more dependent upon the United States economy than the United States is dependent upon them. If these structural differences between nineteenth-century Britain and twentieth-century America are carried to their logical conclusions, there is little reason to expect that the dollar can play a role in the contemporary international economy similar to that played by the pound sterling in the world economy of the nineteenth century. The dollar is, and undoubtedly will continue to be, far too scarce a currency for this.

In the nineteenth century, national economies were integrated into the world economy through the functioning of private markets and by the authority exercised by the London money market, the British Foreign Office, and the British Navy. The system worked so well, and appeared to be so "automatic," that it came to be looked upon as "normal."

The tremendous growth of the United States, two world wars, and a worldwide depression have served to put these "natural" arrangements in true perspective. The smoothly-functioning world economy of the nineteenth century, it is now clear, was an exceptional case in the long pull of world history and not, as assumed by conventional economic doctrine, typical and inevitable.

THE challenge now confronting the United States is to recognize this fact in its everyday attitudes and behavior. The problem is to integrate the countries of the free world on the basis of international arrangements and not to indulge in vain attempts to disinter the nineteenth century. To the extent that foreign policies have involved the effective coordination of national economic policies, the authors aver, they have been effective. Conversely, "they have been unsuccessful to the extent that they have tried to approximate worldwide free trade models."

Almost everywhere in the world today powerful "claimant groups" are no longer willing to allow the market to be the final determinant of such important matters as income distribution, levels of employment, or opportunities for economic growth. In consequence, national states endeavor to achieve their own economic ends with little regard for the efficiency of the system as a whole. No one of them is willing to allow the configuration of its economy to be determined by the needs and resources of other countries. Each is motivated by a desire to be economically independent in a politically bi-polar world.

In 1934 the United States turned away from economic isolationism and moved in the direction of an active economic foreign policy. This was the significance of the Hull Trade Agreement Program.

Yet, even after World War II ended we sought to recreate an integrated world economy along the lines of the nineteenth-century model. Three authoritative documents sum up the guiding principles of this period, namely, the Bretton Woods Agreement establishing the International Monetary Fund, the Havana Charter for an International Trade Organization (ITO), and the General Agreement on Tariffs and Trade (GATT).

Until 1947 the belief persisted that the economic nationalism of the inter-war years was a "temporary and per-

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—*Herblock*, The New York Post.

"Squanderer."

verse response of national governments to . . . severe and transitory disturbances." Official policy, therefore, was pointed toward the creation of a code of international good behavior which would require member countries to give priority to freedom of international trade and payments over the interests of powerful domestic claimant groups, including those pressing for programs assuring full employment.

By 1947 it became clear—as reflected in American actions rather than in new conceptions of goals—that the creation of charters and mechanisms for restoring the trading conditions of the nineteenth century was not enough. The Marshall Plan, military aid, off-shore procurement, technical assistance, counterpart funds, and stockpiling were all necessary to meet the practical problems that confronted us. Yet, even today, these newer international economic activities are looked upon as temporary expedients only.

On the positive side, the direct interest of the United States lies in seeking its major allies in Western Europe. Indeed, the belief that Western Europe must not fall under the control of any power hostile to the United States has been the cardinal principle of American foreign policy since 1917, a principle which has been to our policy in the twentieth century what the Monroe Doctrine was in the nineteenth.

The authors have little confidence in "universal" solutions or organizations. They think, rather, in terms of broad regional groupings of countries. As illustrations of success already achieved along these lines they discuss in considerable detail the Sterling Area, the OEEC (Organization for European Economic Cooperation), and the EPU (European Payments Union).

They go even further. They contend that, with world conditions as they are, a fully adequate alternative to economic nationalism is not mere economic internationalism, but economic supranationalism. The European Coal and Steel Community, therefore, is of great importance, as was the attempt to create a European Defense Community.

The United States has an important role to play in strengthening the Western community and Japan. Although reductions in American tariffs, in all probability, would not result in large percentage increases in imports, tariff liberalization is important, less because of its immediate economic effects than because it is one of the steps the United States could take to create within the Western community a feeling of political solidarity and a sense of progress toward eventual greater unity. Throughout the book the authors stress the psychological importance of action by the United States.

They believe that the West can achieve a decisive advantage in the so-called underdeveloped areas to the extent that it is able to demonstrate the superiority of free societies over totalitarian ones. They deplore extremist policies toward these important "uncommitted" areas—policies which would call for the pouring of huge sums of capital into them with the expectation of quick transformation as well as policies which would do very little because of the magnitude of the problems involved. In the long run, they maintain, it is only through the development and reconstruction of a strong middle class that assistance to these areas will be effective. In final analysis, they contend, development is social as well as economic. They recommend, however, that annual expenditures for economic aid and technical assistance to these areas be increased to triple its present size.

Finally, they express what many Americans have felt for some time, that "the sooner we cease trying to 'export' the *American* standard of living, or the *American* way of life, or the *American* private enterprise system, the more effective our foreign policy can be. For what we can hope to export . . . are the skills and attitudes which make possible, and the essential spirit which animates, these values and institutions, not the specific values and institutions themselves."

Whether or not one agrees with the thesis of this book, one cannot read it without coming away feeling that the political economy of American foreign policy is vitally important and no less dramatic than discussions of military cooperation and voting rights in international organizations.

Devoted Thresher

"Machines of Plenty: Pioneering in American Agriculture," by Stewart H. Holbrook *(Macmillan. 246 pp. $4), is a biography of a colorful Horatio Alger type, who made his fortune in agriculture machinery. Here it is reviewed by Professor John D. Hicks of the University of California, author of "The Populists" and other books.*

By John D. Hicks

EVER since *McClure's Monthly* at the turn of the century found pay dirt in the publication of Ida M. Tarbell's "History of the Standard Oil Company," American historians, both "popular" and "scholarly," have shown a tremendous interest in business history. For a long time they were content to concentrate on the theme of exposure, with books such as Matthew Josephson's "The Robber Barons" setting the tone. But during the last two decades alert historical entrepreneurs have sold many American corporations on the theory that the whole truth about their past, seamy as sometimes it might be, could hardly be half as bad as the half-truths dug up by the muckrakers and their successors. As a result, business archives have been opened in an increasing flood, and the newer business histories, such for example as Allan Nevins's "John D. Rockefeller" (1940) and its later revision, "Study in Power" (1953), tend to be far more friendly than their predecessors to the methods and objectives of the industrial pioneers. It is the fashion now to emphasize what the creators of American big business did *for* rather than *to* the American people.

Stewart H. Holbrook, a New Englander who migrated to the Far Northwest over three decades ago, discovered as a journalist his gift for colorful narration, and exploited through magazine articles and books the immense knowledge he acquired of the region he learned to love and understand. Since the railroad builders and the industrialists had had so much to do with the making of the Northwest, it was natural that he should also write of them (in such books as "The Story of American Railroads" and "The Age of the Moguls"). But his earlier books on this theme suffered somewhat from over-extension—too many people, too many events. Perhaps in an effort to remedy this defect, he has settled down in his latest volume, "Machines of Plenty: Pioneering in American Ag-

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A Scientist Looks at the Balance Sheet

TEN YEARS have passed since those of us who were working in the Clinton Laboratories at Oak Ridge were summoned to the conference room early one morning by the director. We crowded into the room and sat in the hard classroom-type seats not suspecting what we were to be told. Our average age was about twenty-five, and I suspect that we looked far more like a group of students in freshman chemistry than a group of men who were about to hear one of the momentous announcements of history.

The director stood up and told us that a Japanese city had been destroyed by an atomic bomb. He could not pronounce the name of the city. He was unable to give us details. A city had been destroyed that morning —that was all he could say.

It is difficult to describe my feelings as we walked out of the room. It was no surprise to us that the atomic bomb worked. The news of Alamagordo had leaked from Los Alamos to Oak Ridge the previous month, in spite of the efforts of the military to keep the information compartmentalized. We knew about the fireball, the mushroom cloud, the intense heat. And now people had been added to the equation: tens of thousands of dead and injured persons in a city which none of us had heard of before.

I remember how tired we felt at the time. Most of us had worked at an extremely hard pace for at least three years, convinced that the success or failure of our efforts could determine whether or not we would live or die. Until Germany's defeat we were haunted constantly by the nightmare of the atomic bomb in Hitler's hands. Following VE Day we relaxed to some extent, but the bomb in effect had already been developed. Following Alamagordo many of us signed a petition urging that the atomic bomb not be used against Japan without prior demonstration and opportunity to surrender. And we urged that the Government start immediately to study the possibility of securing effective international control of the new weapon.

I remember that on that morning a thought swept through me (and I suspect that it swept through others) which said in effect that war must now be a thing of the past—that people would soon appreciate what the entrance of science on a large scale into warfare could really mean—that man now had it within his power to destroy himself. At the same time the horrible fear swept through me that people the world over might really not appreciate these things and that sooner or later there would be another war in which atomic bombs would be used on a large scale.

As I look back over the past ten years I realize that the worst fears which gripped the scientists at that time have come to pass—all except the final great catastrophe. The United States no longer maintains a monopoly over nuclear weapons. Atomic bombs are now numbered in the thousands. The hydrogen bomb has come into existence. The Soviet Union and the United States have become involved in a nuclear arms race. There still is no international control.

For years the public at large, and their representatives in government, did not really believe that these things could happen. But they happened anyway.

And, worst of all, nuclear weapons are now taken for granted by practically everyone. It is ironical that we Americans, most of whom have never experienced at close range the explosion of even an ordinary bomb, are now taking A-bombs and H-bombs for granted. Armies are trained in nuclear weapon tactics. There are now "little" atomic bombs. Expressions like "megaton" and "massive retaliation" have become standard, with no true feeling as to what they really mean.

We are told that in the years since Hiroshima we have created a higher standard of living than has ever been achieved by any nation in history. But I fear that our gaudy automobiles and our gadgets have hypnotized us to the point where we live in a dream world —we have become divorced from the world of reality which lies outside.

We have reached the point where the application of imagination and genius on an unprecedented scale will be required to resolve the East-West conflict and avoid another war. And we have reached the point where, if war comes, unprecedented imagination and genius will be required to avoid catastrophe. But in the dream world in which we live, the people and their representatives refuse to establish the situation where genius and imagination can function in these areas.

I fear that unless we awaken soon from our world of dreams we may find ourselves in a world of nightmares which will pale the nightmare of Hiroshima into insignificance. —H. B.

Song

By Anne Young

WE stoop for flowers
Deep in their leaves
Hidden like birds that build
Under the eaves.

Various, exquisite,
Giving their all
Into hands of the thankless,
The prodigal,

It often seems—Their all?
Make no assumption: theirs
The secret recondite
None ever shares

If the heart incline not
To their grace. I know
Beyond all condescension
Violets grow.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

CRITIC OR PRESS AGENT?

WHICH Hollis Alpert do you read? Is it press-agent Alpert who throws hosannas on his conception of "modern theatre," Hollywoodiana, and how much better it can do the job than "plays, TV scripts, novels, and short stories"? ["Movies Are Better Than the Stage," *SR* July 23.] Or critic Alpert who very adroitly "looks a gift horse in the mouth" (something the press agent promised not to do), and laments filmland's "compromise" and "watered-down effect" in "The Shrike"? [*SR* GOES TO THE MOVIES, *SR* July 23.]

MARK DAVIS.

Brooklyn, N.Y.

CIRCULATING THE SAME IDEAS

THANK YOU for Hollis Alpert's "Movies Are Better Than the Stage." The article supplied new and convincing arguments for a belief we've held for some time, and it's good to see them get *SR*'s circulation.

AL LUCA.

New York, N. Y.

A *THIRD* DAVY CROCKETT

IN HIS PIECE ON "THE TWO DAVY CROCKETTS" [*SR* July 9], John Haverstick seems surprised at the discrepancy between the Crockett of Walt Disney and the Crockett of Vernon Parrington. He would be further surprised to learn that a third Crockett exists, far more colorful and fantastic than the other two: the legendary Davy Crockett whose fame was spread through a series of almanacs published from 1835 to 1856. These almanacs are rare, and only one or two great libraries in the country possess anything like a complete file. In 1939 I selected the best of the fabulous tales and fearsome woodcuts in the almanacs for publication under the title "Davy Crockett, American Comic Legend" (Rockland Editions, N.Y.). Several potboilers have since helped themselves to this material. Rockland Editions no longer exists, and one book dealer owns all the remaining stock.

Curiously, in 1939, when I was traveling tourist fashion around the country, I stopped in at the Disney studios in Hollywood with proofs of my book. A cold-eyed secretary invited me to fill out forms and come back in two weeks. I assured her that I was in town only for the day, and possessed material that Mr. Disney would find of utmost interest. She made a halfhearted effort to contact someone in an inner office, but failed. I left town next day, and Disney had to wait sixteen years to become rich and famous.

RICHARD M. DORSON.

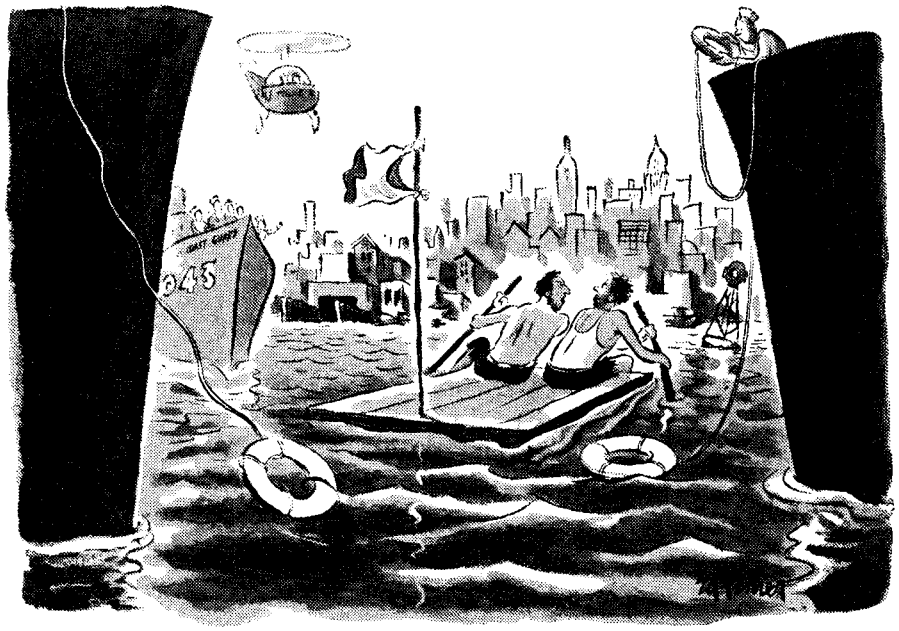
East Lansing, Mich.

THE SUBTLE, THE SENSITIVE, THE PROFOUND

JOHN VAN DRUTEN'S extraordinary article, "Truth, Terror, and the Common Man" [*SR* June 25], enchants me, not so much by its thesis, although I subscribe to it, as by its insurmountable and admirable curiosity about humanity. It would be enlightening to know which beings, among the anonymous throngs that flood our lives, are capable of such emotional sensitivity as Van Druten reveals in himself. Whether or not murder lurks in their histories, it is the subtle, the sensitive, the profound who most engage one's fascination.

ANN THAYER.

Chicago, Ill.



"I don't know how you feel about it but I, personally, would just as soon go the *rest* of the way in on our own steam."

LEE STAYED SOUTH

AS A HISTORIAN, Earl Schenck Miers ["He Reduced War to Four Words," [*SR* July 9] should know that Lee did not cross the Mason and Dixon line in order to get to Antietam, since that line divided Maryland from Pennsylvania, and Antietam or Sharpsburg is in Maryland.

DONALD PARSON.

Brooklin, Me.

BOOKBUYING AT OXFORD

I READ August Fruge's editorial, "Books Are Still for Sale" [*SR* July 16], just after reading Augustine Birrell's essay in *Obiter Dicta* (Second Series) 1887, "Book-Buying." The following paragraph from it seems appropriate:

> The late Mark Pattison once stated that he had been informed, and verily believed, that there were men of his own University of Oxford, who, being in uncontrolled possession of annual incomes of not less than £500, thought they were doing the thing handsomely if they expended £50 a year upon their libraries. But we are not bound to believe this unless we like. There was a touch of morosity about the late Rector of Lincoln which led him to take gloomy views of men, particularly Oxford men.

DAVID RANDALL.

New York, N.Y.

BOOKS FOR SALE

AUGUST FRUGE'S EDITORIAL "Books Are Still for Sale" was certainly a disappointment to me. The decline in book purchases among young scholars is a serious question, but the writer certainly threw away his chance to make any constructive suggestions. It may be true as the writer asserts that "the old-time scholar accumulated his houseful of books on a smaller income than today's young man," but I would like to see more convincing support for this stereotype of "the old-time scholar." Furthermore, today's young scholar lives in a vastly different world from his predecessor and it is time some of his critics recognized that he does.

Not only is he faced with previously unthought-of compulsory drains upon his income, but limited home and office space and frequent movements inhibit his ability to build the kind of library he would like to have. It's no fun to have a library in storage and moving books often costs more than purchasing them. Convenient, inexpensive editions of serious books offer the only resource for young students and scholars who hope to build a reading library outside their own specialty.

WARREN FRENCH.

Lexington, Ky.

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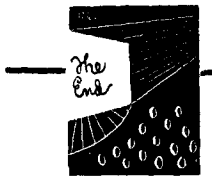

SR GOES TO THE MOVIES

Popular Girls

THE movie made from **"I Am a Camera"** gives Julie Harris, probably the most capable of our younger actresses, a chance to romp and gambol through a luscious-sized role. This young lady, who is not, strictly speaking, a pretty girl, has already proved so fetching that a number of other young actresses have taken to imitating her voice and body mannerisms. Lord only knows what her Sally Bowles role will do in the way of influencing the non-actress segment of our female population. "What shall we do first?" she asks, in the most charming way possible, "Have a drink, or go to bed?" I'm not so sure that the movie is a pure psychological study of a mixed-up girl, as is claimed by the distributor. Some of the movie is pretty much pure farce, and bedroomy farce at that.

That the overtones of comedy in the movie have managed to triumph over the more poignant mood of the play shouldn't in any way diminish the viewer's enjoyment of "I Am a Camera." It's now a fast, funny show, with only a minimum of attention paid to the more serious matters touched upon in Isherwood's Berlin stories and, to a lesser extent, in Van Druten's play. To be sure, there are a few brutal Nazis, and Fritz worries about whether or not to reveal his Jewish birth, but for the most part the story concentrates on Sally and her high-jinks. These, it must be said right out, are hilarious.

John Collier, the screenwriter, has made reference to the original story, and included a scene in which Sally drags the unwilling Chris into a nightclub, where she demonstrates her innate fondness for champagne and high living. It's at this point that the two English waifs run into an American chap called Clive, and then the fun really begins. Clive is every bit an energetic match for Sally's energies, and the movie then races along as though the play on which it's based had never won the Drama Critic Circle's award. I'm not sure that Henry Cornelius, the director, hasn't paced things a bit too fast. Mr. Cornelius is the director responsible for the much-liked "Genevieve," and he evidently does like to keep things going.

At this writing "I Am a Camera" hadn't been given a Production Code Seal, something that, strictly speaking, doesn't matter too much in this particular case, since the movie wasn't made by any of the major Hollywood companies that subscribe to the code. In fact, the Distributor's Corporation of America, an outfit formed by theatreowners to finance film making (with the object of relieving the current product shortage), didn't have to submit the movie for Code approval. However, should a Code seal be withheld, some of the major theatre chains, like Loew's, may refuse to book the picture. The distributors will then fall back on longish runs in art houses and in independent theatres. Either way, they ought to make out fine.

—From "I Am a Camera."

Miss Julie Harris—"a chance to romp and gambol."

By and large, "I Am a Camera" is a British-made job. It employs the services of Shelley Winters in a minor part, and the hugely talented Julie Harris, but otherwise the manufacture is British all the way. This is undoubtedly as it should be. They appreciate the nuances of the Isherwood material (Chris himself is done delightfully by Laurence Harvey) and have some feeling for the Berlin atmosphere of the early Thirties. Probably the nicest thing about the movie is that there is not the slightest hesitation to be adult about the whole thing. The result may not be exactly what Isherwood had in mind, or even what Van Druten had in mind, but it's a delight nevertheless.

* * *

"How to be Very, Very Popular," is the second in what I fear may be a continuing how-to series by Nunnally Johnson, who was responsible for "How to Marry a Millionaire." In the latter opus, you may remember, he employed Marilyn Monroe as a half-blind girl in search of some near-sighted millionaire, and he got a lot of gags out of her running into walls and things. In the newest of the series he has hit upon the expedient of using Sheree North in a vaguely similar way. He has a young man hypnotize her in the early moments of the picture, and her acting range is thus confined the rest of the way to maintaining a blank stare.

Miss North wisely submitted this performance to the editors of the *Harvard Lampoon*, asking to be nominated the worst actress of the year. She may have been a little hasty, however, for Betty Grable, also in the picture, manages to outdo Miss North in the same category, without benefit of hypnosis. The plot of the picture deals with two striptease girls who hide themselves out in a college dormitory, where they encounter some elderly students and other daffy inmates of Mr. Nunnally's idea of an American institution of higher education.

Miss North does a weird parody of burlesque dancing at a college commencement, and the others occupy themselves by knocking each other over the head and trying to unhypnotize Sheree. None of this, not unstrangely, turns out to be funny. The impression one gets is that Nunnally Johnson, producer, director, and screenwriter of the picture, may unknowingly be a victim of California smog. If so, it's more dangerous than we suspected. —HOLLIS ALPERT.

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MUSIC TO MY EARS

A Small Portion of Danish

THOUGH the awaited visit of the Royal Danish Ballet remains a matter still for the future, the full company is sure to have a warmer welcome as a result of the appearances in several Eastern arenas this summer of a nuclear ensemble of ten dancers. After a series of showings at Jacob's Pillow, near Tanglewood, the ten dancers moved on to New York and were welcomed warmly—not only by an evening of ninety-degree heat but also by an audience of about 13,000 in Lewisohn Stadium.

Easily the bright star of this constellation is vivacious Inge Sand, who was last seen at London's Covent Garden when the company had a guest engagement there in 1953. A good dancer then, she is an even better one now, with the experience of performance in several world capitals adding assurance to her work and attraction to her manner. She already had a fine technique, eyecatching physique, and lively features when seen before; now, it would seem, she is on the way to becoming what no ballet company can do without: a ballerina.

Though the company brought no scenery, it was especially interesting to experience a work called "Dream Pictures," vintage 1911, and evoked by Fokine's then-new treatment of Schumann's "Carnaval." Like it, "Dream Pictures" utilizes the characters of Harlequin and Colombine, but instead of the Florestan-Eusebius counterparts of Schumann's "scenario" the lead bears the name of Hans Christian, to which one is privileged to add Andersen if one wishes.

However, in view of the charming music provided by another Hans Christian whose last name is Lumbye, one is more inclined to regard him as the leading man of the occasion. It was a kind of misfortune that the ballet score was played on the piano (excellently, too, by Elof Nielsen), with the idle Stadium Symphony looking on (or spending the playing time over the cardtable). But this deprivation made one the more conscious of the solid core of invention in Lumbye's creation. How such fine music of a man born in 1810 and dead since 1874 can so long remain unknown to us is a mystery. The usual comparison with Johann Strauss is somewhat gratuitous, for the Dane's music has an individuality of its own, whatever the likeness in the use of dance forms for a framework.

Miss Sand danced delightfully a mazurka for Colombine and a subsequent item called "Krollsballklange." In the latter she was joined by Frank Schaufuss and Stanley Williams, two able if not more than moderately stimulating members of the male complement which also included Flemming Flindt and Fredbjorn Bjornsson. Mona Vangsaae, Mette Mollerup, Viveka Segerskog, Kirsten Ralov, and Kirsten Petersen completed the ensemble. A pleasant camaraderie and a notable lack of "rank" in the acknowledgment of applause added to the appeal of the performance.

For its *piece de resistance*, the party offered bits and pieces from the version of "Coppelia" which is one of the cornerstones of its repertory. In a way it was too bad that the admirable choreography of Hans Beck, based on the Saint-Leon original (which differs markedly in style from those danced here by Russian-derived companies) was seen only in fragments, for the treatment of mime and ensemble action is one of its individual elements. However, the audience obviously enjoyed what it saw, especially when Miss Sand's enchanting Swannilda was on view. All the dancers previously mentioned took part. The obvious inference would seem to be that if 13,000 persons turned out to see ten dancers perform, there would be a gratifying arithmetical progression if the full company of sixty or so were imported along with their own musical director. (Thomas Scherman directed the orchestra for Delibes.) The Danes may not be the most brilliant dancers we have seen, but they have an engaging quality which lingers in the mind when other, more whirling figures blur.

—IRVING KOLODIN.

PRAISE FOR AN EXCEPTIONAL MOTION PICTURE

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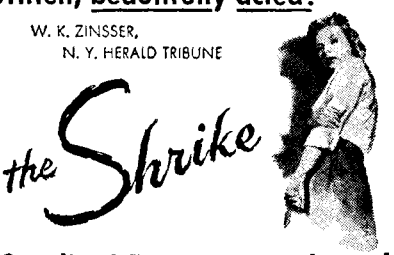

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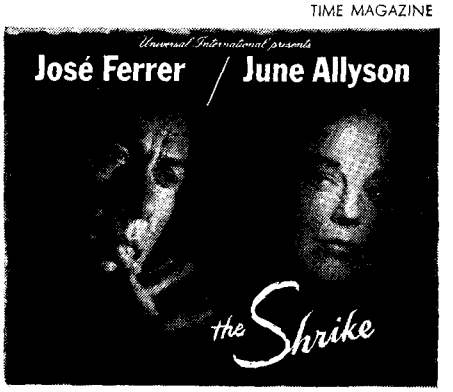

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TV AND RADIO

Celluloid Over Corpuscles

TELEVISION viewers who have any degree of interest in the "art" of the medium may look forward next season to fresh exercises of their faculties in the half-hour drama-show category. The twenty-two minute story (after time allotted for incidentals and commercials) seems headed for industry-wide canning on film. West Coast TV, of course, has from the beginning chauvinistically committed all of its half-hour drama product to celluloid, but Manhattan held out. In the traditional see-saw for power between the two main centers of entertainment production, Madison Avenue long blazoned its shibboleth—"This program comes to you LIVE from New York!" as heavy artillery in the battle for craft and management dominance. The war continues on a grand real-estate scale, as witness New York State's Governor Harriman's conference with NBC's David Sarnoff and CBS's William S. Paley to consider the building of a common East Coast TV production center near New York City.

In the realm of techniques, however, the live junior-drama seems on the verge of gasping its last spontaneous breath. One enterprising TV package producer has earned the Eastern industry's admiration by shrewdly buying an old armory and readying it for general television film

"—And that's just a sample of the bold, youthful manner in which we'd manage I.G. and G. if you gave us your proxy votes, Mrs. Doudy . . ."

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production. Another veteran actor-entrepreneur is promoting a much bigger deal which plans to base a fully-equipped film production facility inside the huge vacuum left by the passing of John Wanamaker's department store, buttons, and bows from the lower Manhattan scene. Brooklyn's old movie studios have waiting lists for eager tenantry; a film cloud covers every open space and large building in greater New York from Jersey's Palisades to the old World's Fair grounds. In the producer's office film budgets are being feverishly whipped up; and any technicians, chiefly directors, who have at least smelled some film in the process of production are being carefully scrutinized for possible assignments. It's not raining rain, it's raining 35mm in TV New York.

THE all-film trend does not include the hour-long drama programs, or their prodigal brothers, the ninety-minute and two-hour spectaculars. The cost of putting these on film approaches and then equals that of full-length feature production, and such expense is still too rich for advertising blood. But the "little Philcos," the half-pint Steels, Krafts, and Westinghouses are being embalmed on reels by virtue of both economic and esthetic pressures. Because of live costs, they can't compete with the quality of the hour and the special shows—so the argument runs. The top creative talent is siphoned off by the big brothers of the drama programs, what's left can't produce the superior, must generally turn out the mediocre. Thus, the only recourse is to go to film. On film, with three-day shooting schedules, rather than longer periods for live rehearsal, better talent can be paid bigger money for single, shorter commitments. (Again, that is how the argument runs.)

In addition, the converts to all-film make other strong assertions. In film, they say, you can control every aspect of your production. You must have better sets: you can light them better because each shot is prepared and filmed separately; whereas, in live TV, you must light for an entire scene; and your cameras must take what they can get within the restriction imposed by cables, soundbooms, and practical camera positions. The film camera gives you more fluidity of movement, the pro-film people maintain, and, of course, the possibility of plentiful actual rather than lean and simulated TV studio exteriors. Then there's the very compelling byproduct of perpetual re-run value for producers and for talent. Although at least three companies today are pioneering in producing high-quality film recordings of live TV programs, the time when you can get an acceptable film in a can off a video chain is still in the future. When that development is finally perfected the industry may see a technological switch back to live studio production, because of cheaper cost. But at the uneasy moment in an unpredictable, shaping industry, the film in the can which gives you the re-run is the thing. Certainly it will cost more, overall, to make films of half-hour drama shows, but the spread is both manageable and desirable for the results allegedly derived.

By no means is there a lack of opposition in many quarters to the switch to film. The biggest argument *con* is that live TV gives to audiences the magic of spontaneity and to actors the opportunity for sustained, presumably more exciting, performances. The opponents of film also argue that its benefits may sound fine in theory but they do not always come out that way in actual result. A three-day shooting schedule, they say, is so incredibly inadequate, even for a half-hour of film, as to invite a speed-up process which negates, in practice, every film value sought for. Even the most sanguine film proponent in the East will admit the merit in that last argument, but he'll counter by saying: "Of course you can't expect an Academy Award winner. It's only TV. We must go for what we can get, not for everything. Anyway, it's being done successfully. Hollywood is doing it and the public seems to like it. We must do it to survive."

Survival being non-debatable, TV viewers may expect the celluloid deluge in the fall. The critical-minded may find some amusement (if not in the programs) in formulating their private judgments on the basis of the opposing arguments here set forth for their information. This observer will be among the curious, openminded watchers. Lurking just below the surface of his curiosity, however, breathes the suspicion that live or film, TV could do with more excitement in content in its thirty-minute playhouse dramas. The few notable hour shows presented live last season achieved their primary impact by virtue of their maturity of theme and treatment. "Marty," on film, didn't discredit "Marty" live. The half-hour shows are still generally format-hedged or sponsor-inhibited. They may survive, look better, and even earn more profit on film, but still remain muscle-bound. Unchained—they might also leap.

—ROBERT LEWIS SHAYON.

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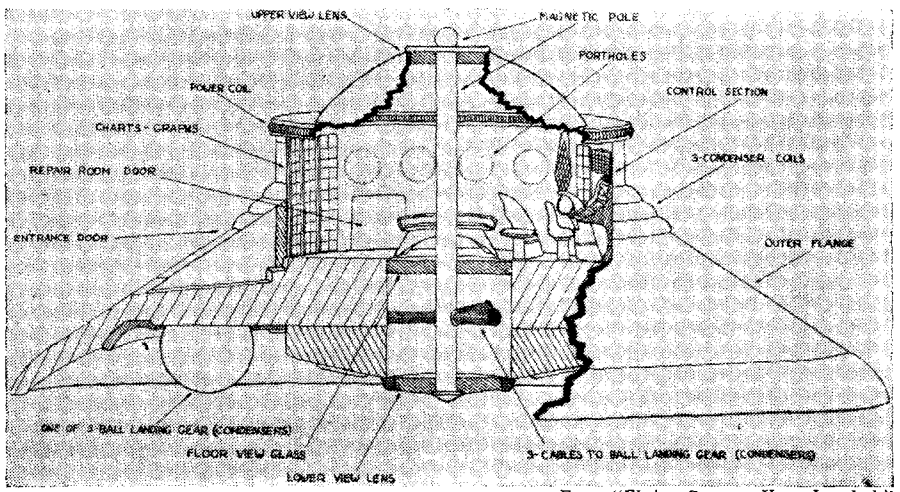

—*From "Flying Saucers Have Landed."*

Interior diagram of one of the Venusians' interplanetary vessels.

The Great Saucer Hunt

You may never have seen flying saucers, but if you look around enough you are sure to spot a galaxy of books about them. Here Siegfried Mandel examines the contents of ten such volumes.

By Siegfried Mandel

AT THIS moment there is at large in this country and in Europe a sizable group of men and women propelled by a missionary fervor and determined to inform mankind that flying saucers from Venus and Mars have landed on our "execrable" planet —a signal that it is high time for us to mend our petty ways. They are busy grinding out their visions in pamphlet, amateurish magazine, newspaper, and book form, all the while assuring readers and members of "flying saucer clubs" strung across the North American continent that the pure in heart who turn their eyes heavenward with soulful expectation may be rewarded by similar Venusian or Martian visitations.

Judging by the sales of their books during the past several years, these missionaries have found a sympathetic audience. One book, George Adamski's "Flying Saucers Have Landed," has sold 80,000 copies including foreign translations. Others are doing so well that their authors are promising sequels. Adamski has already carried out his promise with a volume of "eye-witness accounts" of what it's like to be "Inside the Space Ships." Another "saucerian," Cedric Allingham, inspired by a friendly how-do-you-do encounter with a man from Mars who by design or accident landed in North Scotland last year, has decided to set up shop with his trusty 10-inch reflecting telescope in California, a favorite area of saucers and their students. But, after plodding through some ten representative volumes on the current flying-saucers shelf, I am obliged to conclude that they are only one more symptom of the anxieties of our times. Almost without exception they capitalize on these anxieties to a shameful degree, dishing out opiates designed to create infantile illusions, fears, and hopes, ranging from facile solutions to world conflicts to the-saucers-will-get-you bugaboos.

One way for a reader to test the degree of nonsense contained in a typical book on saucers is to examine its bibliography carefully. There one discovers that there is a mutual admiration society among flying-saucer writers who cross-reference one another for substantiation. Another curious and significant characteristic is the number of works on theosophy that are earnestly cited. Theosophists, you will recall, claim a special insight into divine nature through special revelation. Their ideas, traceable back to Oriental magic-mystic teachings, were popularized in the United States from the 1870s on by Helena Petrovna Blavatsky and her 100,000 followers. It has been their custom through the years to ride on the coattails of the latest unexplained phenomena in the news. At one time they achieved revelation through mesmerism, then magnetism and electricity, and now they have pounced on the saucer and gravitational fields.

Polish-born George Adamski, a jack-of-all-trades and lately a farm and restaurant worker near California's Palomar Mountain, has been described by his collaborators as a "saint-like person devoted to teaching 'the universal laws,' "—which sounds suspiciously like theosophy. With the publication of his book two years ago, "Flying Saucers Have Landed," Adamski gained wide attention as a saucer expert. When he first encountered what he claims was a man from outer space three years ago, Adamski had a group of witnesses watch the proceedings from a considerable distance through binoculars. Two of the "witnesses," George H. Williamson and Alfred C. Bailey, later wrote "The Saucers Speak," issued by a press which specializes in philosophical tracts and flying saucer magazines. A group of ham radio operators headed by Williamson and Bailey claim that they have accomplished radio and telepathic contact with space ships and with the planets Jupiter and Mars after "weeks of meditation and concentration, holding self down, and allowing ourselves to become attuned to the influx of the universe." One of the messages from space which their group received reads: "Earth's last mile, we sad." Cosmic attenuation apparently has affected more than just their radio sets.

ACCORDING to Adamski, on frequent trips in the spaceships he has received divine instructions from "the master," meaning some extra-galactic swami. Typical is this bit of information he reports in one of his books:

> After the crucifixion of Jesus, who was sent [from Venus] to be incarnated in your world to help your people, as had others before him, we decided to carry on our mission in a way less perilous to those concerned than actual birth on your planet.

Such a reincarnation may seem to be a novel idea, but actually it is a repetition of a doctrine propounded by theosophists decades ago. For thirty years Adamski has been dabbling in telepathy, teaching "natural laws" to a group of disciples, and retailing dream premonitions. Now he has hitched them on to space flights and flying saucers and found a bigger audience than he was able to reach before.

Adamski is the best-known and the most prolific of the literary saucerians, but there are others almost as interesting. One is a thirty-two-year-old

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Britisher named Cedric Allingham, whose experience includes a two-year bedridden stretch in a sanatorium, service with Britain's Royal Army Ordnance Corps, "thriller" writing, bird watching, and nomadic rovings. He, too, belongs to that exclusive club whose members have met interstellar visitors. In his book "Flying Saucers from Mars" he offers a photograph of his Martian friend. The only trouble is that the photo is so blurred and the background so indistinct that skeptical observers are likely to remain skeptical. Since Allingham lacks Adamski's telepathic genius in communicating with his friends from outer space, he could only make primitive signs and sounds, and these yielded no startling information. Perhaps he can remedy this deficiency by taking instructions from Adamski, who has invited him to pay him a visit.

Having written about lost civilizations in his book, "Mysteries of Ancient South America," author Harold T. Wilkins decided to undertake a change of pace by discovering new "etheric worlds." With more diligence than critical aptitude he has collected newspaper clippings and magazine articles on saucer phenomena from all over the world, and in his book "Flying Saucers on the Attack," he ominously notes the hostile character of some of the saucers from other planets.

M. K. Jessup, explorer and college instructor of astronomy, should receive some sort of prize for the speculations on unidentified flying objects, including saucers, which he has gathered into an odd book called "The Case for the UFO." Here are some of his contentions:

- Mankind has an unfathomable antiquity, including prehistoric atom scientists (who presumably blew themselves off this planet).
- Unidentified Flying Objects (UFO) are inhabited by or consist of spatial beings and intelligences manifesting themselves in varying physical forms.
- They reside near the moon about 165,000 miles from the earth.
- Russia may have captured a UFO, or space people possibly have taken over Russia.
- By levitation and teleportation humans have been kidnapped and their grisly, shredded remains have been disgorged over China and Nova Scotia.

Another believer in "those shining ones who ride the highways of the universe" is Leonard G. Cramp, a dissenting member of the Interplanetary Society of England. In "Space, Gravity, and the Flying Saucer," Cramp uses his psychic experience—bouncing piano chairs and tables at levitation sessions—to explain the anti-gravitational movement of saucers. Taking the variously published photographs of saucers as genuine evidence, he subjects them to schematic analysis and finds similarities in dimension and characteristics. Then,with the help of psychic mumbo-jumbo he works out a theory for interplanetary travel which utilizes gravity-field type of propulsion. Cramp's analyses sound scientific until one considers the hearsay evidence on which he builds them.

"I rise before God and man to swear that this story I have written . . . is a true account . . . of the flying saucers of today and the supreme supernatural." So concludes Cecil Michael, an automobile mechanic and gold prospector, after narrating his "Round Trip to Hell in a Flying Saucer." A tongue-in-cheek query I addressed to its publisher as to whether this book ought to go on the fiction or non-fiction shelf evoked a charming reply: "That's up to the reader." Actually, Mr. Michael's delightful nightmare is as plausible as the other "non-fiction" titles already discussed, realistically taking readers on a space flight to a hellish abode where the dead arise only to face incineration on a lake of fire.

The most persuasive and influential of all the saucer-writers is Donald E. Keyhoe, a retired U. S. Marine Corps major, who is convinced that outer-space beings exist, that their crafts are navigated by radio astronomy, that they understand our own radio transmissions, and that they are keeping our world under constant surveillance. From his contacts with the Pentagon and the Air Force, Major Keyhoe surmises that "some Air Force officers think that people are better off not knowing the truth about saucers, at least until they find out the motive." In "Flying Saucers from Outer Space," he probes for the motives of the space people and comes up with the hypothesis that they are planning an invasion of the earth.

A POTENT antidote to all gibberish on saucers and friends or fiends from outer space is offered by a scientific study, "Flying Saucers," by Donald H. Menzel, professor of astrophysics at Harvard University. Through photographs and diagrams he convincingly demonstrates "the rags and tags of meteorological optics"—mirages, reflections, mock and sub-suns, halos, radar mirages, shooting stars, which have been mistakenly interpreted as flying saucers. As for the many photographs of unidentified objects, Dr. Menzel analyzes them as freak images, deliberate hoaxes, or other explainable phenomena.

The United States Air Force, whose job it is to keep tabs on UFO's since they represent a potential threat to our national security has frequently been accused of concealing the facts about flying saucers. Recently I decided to question the Air Force section of the Department of Defense as to what it now knows about interplanetary space craft. Part of the answer I received reads:

> We have never received any *authentic* information which would show that space craft have landed, or that they even exist. In fact, we feel that given all the necessary information, each sighting can be explained in a natural and unsensational manner.

This frank and clear statement will be disbelieved by those who are victimized by their wish to believe what they want to believe. Readers with a normal degree of objectivity will understand that saucers are auto-suggestive myths. If the time comes when interplanetary strangers are ready to announce themselves to us earthmen, they will approach persons more reliable than psychic cooks-and-bottlewashers and present unmistakable credentials of their galactic origin.

FLYING SAUCERS HAVE LANDED. By Demond Leslie and George Adamski. British Book Centre. $3.50. Two encounters and interviews with outer space visitors are described here, and embellished with numerous "saucer photos."

INSIDE THE SPACE SHIPS. By George Adamski. Abelard-Schuman. $3.50. Adamski's further adventures with Saturnian and Venusian brothers who invite him aboard their "saucer" crafts.

FLYING SAUCERS FROM MARS. By Cedric Allingham. British Book Centre. $2.75. A half-hour signed interview with a man from Mars, together with some photos and memory sketches, commemorate Allingham's brief encounter and subsequent reflections.

SPACE, GRAVITY AND THE FLYING SAUCERS. By Leonard G. Cramp. British Book Centre. $3. Cramp advocates a new anti-gravitational method of space propulsion based on his analysis of Adamski photographs and other saucer sightings.

FLYING SAUCERS ON THE ATTACK. By Harold T. Wilkins. Citadel Press. $3.50. An assorted collection of saucer reports culled from newspapers, magazines, and books.

THE CASE FOR THE UFO. By M. K. Jessup. Citadel Press. $3.50. Unidentified Flying Objects like saucers, meteors, and fireballs which have haunted the skies of yesterday and today are given detailed interpretation from an ominous angle.

ROUNDTRIP TO HELL IN A FLYING SAUCER. By Cecil Michael. Vantage Press. $2.50. A personal account of a weird trip to outer space in a saucer.

THE SAUCERS SPEAK. By George H. Williamson and Alfred C. Bailey. New Age Publishing Co. $2. A group of "ham" operators reveal the messages they have received and sent by radiotelegraphy after establishing contact with outer space beings.

FLYING SAUCERS FROM OUTER SPACE. By Donald E. Keyhoe. Henry Holt. $3. The author analyses scores of case histories cleared by the U.S. Air Force and concludes that the saucers definitely are of interplanetary origin.

FLYING SAUCERS. By Donald H. Menzel. Harvard University Press. $4.75. A scientist debunks "saucers from outer space" theories, substituting rational explanations of optical illusions caused by a variety of meteorological phenomena.

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NORTON

Hiroshima—Ten Years After

Continued from page 9

its ramifications and implications seemed to be as much in the forefront of public thinking as they were eight or nine years ago. Even the schoolchildren reflected the feeling that their city possessed a special distinction. This imposed upon the people the need to do something in behalf of world peace. An interesting experiment in this connection was undertaken recently by the education faculty of Hiroshima University. Attached to the university is a junior high school, the students of which were involved in a fairly elaborate testing program to find out what they thought about such subjects as atomic warfare, world peace, international understanding, etc.

The students were examined on their reactions to films prepared by the United Nations or by UNESCO, or to panel interviews with A-bomb victims, or to field studies where the children could observe evidence of bomb damage.

Professor Bunsaki Morioka, principal of the junior high school, turned over to me a copy of the annotated report covering the experiment.

One of the boys made the following statement after having seen evidence of bomb damage:

"This documentary material has shown me many miserable things which had been hidden behind the heroic drama of war. And then my heart began to burn with anger at war."

Comments from several girls:

"I am afraid the springtime of our life is spoiled utterly by war."

"Sad to say, I must live in constant fear."

"The only way for our young generation in the world to bring light into the dark world is to deepen our understanding of each other by friendly correspondence."

The feelings towards America tended towards the extremes.

"Japan might have used an atomic bomb if the bomb had been completed in those days," one thirteen-year-old boy wrote, "because the real terror of its power might be realized only by carrying on propaganda to her enemy that she had such and such powerful new weapons. Only the real experiment could cause the enemy to surrender."

By contrast:

"Was it absolutely necessary for America to use the atomic bomb at the poor country which had become completely incompetent?"

"The dropping of the atom bomb on Hiroshima where many noncombatants lived is to be compared to throwing the handle after the blade."

This last comment came from a girl who lost her brother in the explosion.

Reviewing these papers, Professor Morioka writes that the students are deeply aware of the importance of Hiroshima in history. They would all like to make some contribution to world peace but are extremely uncertain how this could be done. In fact, he said, there are few specific suggestions concerning the organization of the peace. For the most part, students seemed to feel that if only people could get to know each other somehow a great counterforce to war might be established.

He quoted an essay from Naoko Nishimura, age fifteen, on this last point.

"When we become adult, we must build up some means to keep off any war. The only way for the young generation to do this, I am sure, is to deepen our understanding of each other by friendly correspondence. If all boys and girls, not only in Japan but in all the countries, make their best effort to realize a peaceful world, I believe war can be abolished by the time we become adults. I was also much interested in the lecture of Dr. Moritaki, who showed us a plan for governing all the countries in this world by one government in order to realize a peaceful world. I wish the realization of this plan from the bottom of my heart, though it seems to me like a dream.

"In this condition of the world, we boys and girls have no means except to call out this plea to the people of the world. . . ."

LIKE the adults of the city, the children seem to bear very little resentment against Americans as individuals. While some of them criticized the United States for the decision to drop the bomb, very little of this feeling seems to become particularized against the American people. In fact, visitors from the United States are often impressed with the fact that, if anything, the warmth of response to them is greater in Hiroshima than elsewhere in Japan. The Japanese themselves have remarked at this fact, attributing the difference to the impact made on the people by individual Americans such as Floyd Schmoe. The Moral Adoptions program, under which Americans have contributed to the care of the city's

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orphans, is also credited with influencing public opinion.

Dr. Michihiko Hachiya, author of the newly published "Hiroshima Diary," tells the story of a bedridden invalid who, before August 6, 1945, spent most of his time in the back of a little shop run by his wife. His wife was killed in the explosion and his shop was wrecked, but, miraculously, the invalid survived. Under the circumstances, he had no choice except to get out of bed, rebuild the store, and attend to it himself. Such a man, Dr. Hachiya says, is too busy to have time to hate people or to feel sorry for himself.

Dr. Hachiya tells this story whenever anyone—Japanese or American—asks how he feels about the United States. There is no doubt in the doctor's mind that Japan would have used the bomb if she had been able to develop it first. Anyway, he feels that the citizens of Hiroshima who survived should congratulate themselves about the fact and turn their efforts and their spirits to the future.

For the most part, this reflects the attitude of the people. Here and there, however, serious questions are raised about the justification for the dropping of the bomb. These questions are not to be confused with charges of Communist propagandists who have been attempting since the end of the war to whip up public opinion against the U.S. because of the bombing.

One highly educated Japanese discussed this question with me in the light of the Yalta disclosures.

"I have never agreed with those people who said that the Americans dropped the bomb on us because we were a colored people," he said. "It is foolish to say this because I have seen the photographs of the German cities that were bombed.

"But something else worries me. It may not be true that the atomic bomb was dropped in order to save many, many thousands of American lives during an invasion. It is now known that Japan had asked for negotiations looking to surrender shortly after Germany was defeated. And now the Yalta papers make something else clear—that Hiroshima was only incidental to your situation with respect to Soviet Russia. I am afraid history may not judge America kindly for August 6, 1945."

This somewhat enigmatic comment is perhaps better understood against the background of the events leading up to and flowing out of the Yalta Conference.

President Roosevelt, it will be recalled, had been under unremitting pressure by Congress and the nation's press to get the Soviet to enter the war against Japan. It had been charged that we were fools for having

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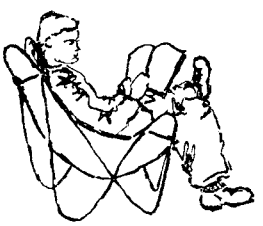

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to fight a two-front war while the Soviet was able to concentrate all her forces against a single enemy. At Yalta, according to official reports now released, President Roosevelt was able to get a commitment from the Russian leaders to come into the war against Japan as soon as Germany was defeated. A specific date was set—ninety days after V-E day in Europe.

Roosevelt died sixty days after Yalta. Germany surrendered on May 8, 1945. This meant the Soviet would have to come in against Japan on August 8 (August 9 in Japan), 1945. Nine weeks after Germany was defeated, however, the American Government completed the first successful test in history of a nuclear weapon. The moment this happened we knew we could defeat Japan without Russian help. Hence the eagerness to wind up the war in the Far East before the Soviet came in under the terms of its agreement. ("Crusade in Europe," by General Eisenhower, and "The Forrestal Papers" reflect the regret that we should have prodded the Soviet into saying it would fight in the East.)

This raises the question, as my Japanese friend put it, whether we were really trying to save American lives or whether we were racing against a deadline set at Yalta. He finds reinforcement for this view in the fact that America did not notify the Soviet concerning its intention to drop an atomic bomb on Japan.

"Obviously, you were not trying to keep it a secret from the Russians that you had devised an atomic bomb, for the moment you dropped the bomb everyone would know you had it. It is equally obvious that what you were trying to keep secret from the Russians was that you intended to knock Japan out before she came into the war by August 9, 1945.

"But it is also true that the Russians, during the same time, were manipulating against the United States, doing everything possible to prolong the war in the Far East until the Soviet would be able to move in against Japan and share in the victory. I say this because it is a fact that Japan had asked the Soviet Government in June 1945 to act as intermediary in obtaining peace terms from the United States. But there is no evidence that this request was ever made clear to your government."

Emerging from this line of reasoning, of course, is the conclusion that even before the hot war had ended the cold war had begun. And the people of Hiroshima were therefore not the final casualties of World War II but the first victims of the struggle for power between the U.S. and the U.S.S.R. It is on these grounds, as I say, that serious and responsible Japanese are now considering the question of our justification for the use of an atomic weapon on a live target.

Perhaps this is what may have been in the minds of a rather considerable number of people—far more than on any of my previous visits—who asked me whether I had guilt feelings for the atomic bomb and whether my interest in the Hiroshima Maidens was an attempt to soothe my conscience.

Questions about individual conscience are never easy to answer. The best I could do was to say that certainly I had guilty feelings—but it was a guilt which extended to war itself, for the real crime concerned the failure of all peoples to bring the causes of war under control. Everyone could share in the remorse over the fact that human beings had discovered atomic energy before they discovered the key to purposeful peace. I did not believe that total war made restraint possible. If anything, nuclear weapons created terrible incentive for achieving sudden victory. Therefore, I believed it was a waste of time to explore or debate one's feeling of guilt. The important thing was to address ourselves to the main business at hand, which was to protect the world's peoples against war itself. And this meant no casual efforts but a feeling of total commitment to the problem until it became solved. It meant that moral declarations against atomic and hydrogen bombs were not enough; a structured peace was necessary—one in which foolproof and enforceable measures could bring nuclear weapons under effective control.

The struggle for shelter is not as acute as it was several years ago, but many people are still suffering from inadequate housing. Hiroshima is now engaged in the largest housing program for individual families of any city its size in history.

HOW close I came to meeting the personal question I had been asked I have no way of knowing. At all events, I left Hiroshima in an optimistic mood—not only because I knew the Maidens would be coming to America shortly for their surgery, and not only because the city had successfully gone through the labor pains of its rebirth, but because the people had a forward thrust to their outlook on life. This was deeply pleasing to an American who had a profound emotional investment in the rehabilitation of the people and their city.

The vital spirit of the people, it seemed to me, was nowhere better reflected than in a school composition, a copy of which I was taking back with me. It was written by Tsuneo Imada, one of the moral adoptions girls. It was an open letter to the American "moral parents."

"Spring has come again and all trees and grass are sprouting their buds," it began. "We who were once lost in the darkness of the complete destruction of the past World War were compelled to live in the loneliness of nihilism. Under such situation, we were given a chance to see the light of hope and live in peaceful world again through your humanity. What a wonderful and grateful privilege for us to receive the blessings of this Moral Adoption Project really. This system has given us the great hope of the spring.

"We have never enjoyed greater rejoice than the time when we receive a lot of gifts from America where our moral fathers and mothers live. We were so pleased that we could dance and sing songs like children of sparrows.

"Not only in your gifts but also your letters written in fulness of love toward Japanese children encourage and strengthen us a great deal indeed.

"This heartfelt thank is filling us with hopes and strength. Also this beautiful relationship between parents and children helps us very much in becoming good citizens in the future. We hereby again wish to express our heartfelt thank for this project and pray for its continuance."

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Advertising Awards

Continued from page 12

ness to serve on the committee is further evidence of the significant impact of institutional advertising on American ideas and attitudes and of the place of such advertising in the Public Service Revolution.

Furthermore, as an indication of the accelerated growth and influence of television in the U. S. communications complex today, five television programs were cited, which, both in content and execution, the judges felt served the public interest. No radio program for 1954 was selected for citation.

The top five public interest advertising campaigns which received the most votes from the committee from among the more than 200 originally screened and considered were:

1. **METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY,**
2. **PARKE, DAVIS AND COMPANY,**
3. **WEYERHAEUSER TIMBER COMPANY,**
4. **GENERAL ELECTRIC COMPANY,**
5. **JOHN HANCOCK MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY.**

The five leading television programs were:

1. Edward R. Murrow's **"SEE IT NOW,"** sponsored by the Aluminum Company of America.
2. Walt Disney's **"DISNEYLAND,"** sponsored by the American Dairy Association, American Motors, and Derby Foods.
3. The major networks for their coverage of **"THE ARMY-McCARTHY HEARINGS."** It was noted by one member of the judging committee that the American Broadcasting Company (ABC) and the DuMont Television Network carried the entire hearings in full, in addition to making frequent excerpted film reports.
4. **"OMNIBUS,"** sponsored by Alcan (Aluminium Limited of Canada), Norcross, Scott Paper, and Zenith.
5. **"THE GEORGE GOBEL SHOW,"** sponsored by Pet Milk and Armour and Company.

Details of the various advertising awards and television citations are given in the boxes in the accompanying pages. Also, in recognition of the creative contributors to the prizewinning advertisements, the agency copywriters and art directors responsible for each campaign as well as the executive of the client corporation chiefly responsible for supervising the campaign are listed.

The Number One winners in both the magazine advertising and television categories for 1955 repeated from last year: Metropolitan Life Insurance Company and "See It Now." Metropolitan's top advertisement, devoted to warning the public about the importance of early diagnosis of cancer, is reproduced in full on the inside front cover. This is a worthy example of this great insurance company's notable public-health campaign, a campaign which, incidentally, is probably the oldest continuous institutional-advertising campaign in the country. This pioneering campaign first appeared in 1922.

Examples of the four other top award winners along with The Advertising Council's "Better Schools" campaign are also reproduced in the adjoining columns.

Besides Metropolitan, the John Hancock Mutual Life Insurance and

SR's TV AND RADIO CITATIONS: There follow the details of the television programs cited by *The Saturday Review*'s 1955 Awards Committee for distinguished achievement in the public interest.

ALUMINUM COMPANY OF AMERICA — **"SEE IT NOW"** — **CBS-TV**

"For continued sponsorship, without interference, of a program of vigorous television journalism, which constantly pushed forward the frontiers of intelligent discussion and controversy."

ALUMINIUM, LTD. OF CANADA
NORCROSS GREETING CARDS
SCOTT PAPER COMPANY — **"OMNIBUS"** — **CBS-TV**
ZENITH RADIO CORPORATION

"For continued willingness to underwrite a program that brings to television material that would not ordinarily find a place on the TV schedule, material that breaks through established formulas to please the judicious without patronizing the larger public."

PET MILK COMPANY
ARMOUR & COMPANY — **THE GEORGE GOBEL SHOW** — **NBC-TV**

"For prompt recognition of a fresh, wholesome talent for comedy, and for preserving a large part of the unique quality of the talent and program after launching."

THE MAJOR NETWORKS — **THE ARMY-MCCARTHY HEARINGS**

"For dramatic revelation of the power of television to inform public opinion on issues vital to our democracy."

AMERICAN DAIRY ASSOCIATION
AMERICAN MOTORS CORPORATION — **"DISNEYLAND"** — **ABC-TV**
DERBY FOODS, INC.

"For large scale, impressive, skilful programs which at one stroke annihilated the notion that programs for children must be vulgar, violent or silly."

The following programs were runners-up:

UNITED STATES STEEL CORPORATION — **"THEATRE GUILD OF THE AIR"** — **ABC-TV**

"For outstanding standards of craftsmanship in television drama."

CBS-TV — **"THE AMERICAN WEEK"**

"For providing intelligent, far-ranging, unintimidated dissection of argument and debate in our public affairs, without partisanship except for a passion for freedom."

CBS-TV — **"THE SEARCH"**

"For recognition of new areas of public service and showing general interest in the work of American colleges and universities."

NBC-TV — **TELEVISION OPERA**

"For continuing to bring opera to the large television audience with good taste, high standards in music and careful production."

AMERICAN CHICLE COMPANY
QUAKER OATS COMPANY — **"ZOO PARADE"** — **NBC-TV**

"For bringing to children, with consistently high standards, stimulating knowledge of and interesting insights into the animal kingdom."

SPECIAL MENTION—AMERICAN BROADCASTING COMPANY

"For vigorous and imaginative enterprise in challenging the two major networks, NBC and CBS, and in building a third force in programming for the American public."

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the Weyerhaeuser Timber Company again were among the top awards winners this year, but there also were two newcomers: Parke, Davis and Company, in second place, and General Electric Co., in fourth place.

Walt Disney's splendid, imaginative "Disneyland" and comedian George Gobel in his own show were newcomers to the television citations this year.

In studying the more than 200 institutional-advertising campaigns from general magazines which were screened and considered during the lengthy judging process that led up to the final balloting of the Awards Committee, the judges took the following factors into account: (1) **Theme:** especially the extent to which it enlarged the reader's knowledge of our American social, cultural, or economic institutions or traditions; also the manner in which it directly or indirectly served the public interest. (2) **Text:** particularly style, readability, impact, objectivity, clarity, precision, and pointedness. (3) **Layout:** typography and artwork. (4) **Overall originality:** taste, freshness, and imagination in conception and execution.

It is unfortunate that space does not permit discussion and reproduction of all twenty-four Awards winners, for each one is worth study. All these advertisements have something to say and say it well. Their themes vary from the cultural and historical to the socio-economic and direct public service, such as highway safety, forest conservation, etc. They typify what Walter Weir, vice president of Donahue and Coe, told a conference on advertising at the University of Michigan more than a year ago:

> I believe we are in the early stages of a major revolution in advertising: a revolution that will establish the consumer as an intelligent, discriminating individual, regardless of his social status; a revolution that will re-establish the importance of well-written copy far above the highest level it has enjoyed in the past. Advertising as communication—understandable communication—will at long last be understood by even advertising men themselves. They will realize that whether on the printed page or on the air, content is the heart of the message—and it must be a real, live, beating heart if it is to keep the blood flowing in the body economic.

Behind all the Award-winning campaigns there was evidence of a new quality of thinking about the relationship of business to our society. The campaigns are part of the Public Service Revolution, about one important aspect of which—financial aid to higher education—the authors of the lead article in *SR*'s last issue have already written.

The campaigns are further reflections of that revolution which again demonstrates that creative capitalism is at its best when concerned with the public welfare and when committed to fulfilling its constructive role in the overall service of our economy and our society.

CREATIVE CREDITS: *Award-winning advertisements do not just happen. They must first be conceived and then given approval by the business executive charged with his company's advertising. The idea must be communicated in word and picture by the writers and artists in the advertising agency. To give credit where credit is due for SR's 1955 award-winning advertisements, there are listed below in the following order: (1) the executive of the sponsoring company; (2) the chief copywriter(s) on the account for the advertising agency; and (3) the agency's artist(s) responsible for the visual conception.*

American Cyanamid Co.
1. B. W. Murray, in Charge of Advertising; 2. Paul A. Ide; 3. H. M. Havemeyer, Deane Cate.

Bell Telephone System
1. Harry W. Wilcox, Advertising Manager; 2. George W. Cecil; 3. Walter Reinsel.

Bethlehem Steel Co.
1. John C. Long, Manager of Publications; 2. W. H. Jess; 3. M. L. Bressoud, Jr., Clarence Snyder.

Caterpillar Tractor Co.
1. B. M. Powell, Manager of Advertising Division; 2. Stephen W. Meader; 3. William B. Wood.

Chase National Bank
1. Crawford Wheeler, Vice President; 2. Dean Coords; 3. William Baldwin.

Container Corp. of America
1. J. S. Doughty, Advertising Manager; 2. James T. Sellers, Frank Caspers; 3. Walter Reinsel.

Eastman Kodak Co.
1. W. B. Potter, Director of Advertising; 2. W. Stanfield Cooper; 3. Fenton Powers.

Employers Mutual of Wausau, Wis.
1. Daniel H. Storey, Advertising Director; 2. Edward C. McAuliffe, Theodore E. Schulte; 3. Robert J. Taylor.

Ethyl Corp.
1. Russell B. Weston, Manager of Advertising and Sales Promotion; 2. John W. Steer; 3. Kenneth W. Paul.

General Electric Co.
1. J. Stanford Smith, General Manager; 2. Roger Verran; 3. John Lynch.

Grumman Aircraft Engineering Corp.
1. J. B. Rettaliata, Public Relations Director; 2. Brune Skoggard; 3. Julian M. Archer.

John Hancock Mutual Life Insurance Co.
1. Margaret Divver, Advertising Manager; 2. Ralph Koser; 3. Daniel Keefe.

Kennecott Copper Corp.
1. E. J. Malvey, Advertising Manager; 2. Hap Donham; 3. Steve Baker.

Metropolitan Life Insurance Co.
1. James L. Madden, Vice President; 2. John Lentz; 3. Samuel Fink.

Minneapolis Star and Tribune
1. Otto A. Silha, Business Manager; 2. Jack Martin, Bob Mix; 3. Charles Roth.

Norfolk & Western Railway Co.
1. R. R. Horner, Manager of Advertising Department; 2. Otto Whittaker; 3. Edwin R. Deady.

Parke, Davis & Co.
1. R. G. Sickels, Advertising Manager; 2. John Lentz, Royall G. Smith; 3. Frederick Halpert.

Philadelphia Bulletin
1. Barry Urdang, Promotion Manager; 2. Paul Packard; 3. John E. Maass.

Rand McNally & Co.
1. H. H. Woodworth, Sales Promotion Manager; 2. Elizabeth Wardell; 3. Marce Mayhew.

Sugar Information, Inc.
1. David Quinlan, Coordinator of Advertising and Public Relations; 2. Alan Winthrop; 3. Norman Houck.

Union Carbide & Carbon Corp.
1. Robert W. Boggs, Advertising Manager; 2. Edwin J. Benedict; 3. Lester J. Loh.

United Aircraft Corp.
1. Norman V. Clements, Director of Advertising and Sales Promotion; 2. Robert Standish; 3. B. G. Ellis.

United States Steel Corp.
1. J. Carlisle MacDonald, Assistant to the Chairman; 2. James Holding, Jr.; 3. A. T. Sneden.

Weyerhaeuser Timber Co.
1. Walter J. Delong, Director of Public Information; 2. Oren Dorman, M. E. Harrison; 3. Fred Ludekens, Stan Galli.

Advertising Council
Better Schools
2. Norton Wolf, Don Smith; 3. Zoltan Medvecky.

Forest Fire Prevention
2. Mike Corcoran; 3. Richard Stow.

SPONSOR

This is one of The Advertising Council's "Better Schools" advertisements which with the "Forest Fire Prevention" campaign was cited for outstanding public service.

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Fiction Notes

Continued from page 17

well fortified building, an Allied military unit whose former mission was that of disseminating information, is now concerned with fighting off the Communist irregulars who want an arms cache in the hotel cellar. Mr. Appleby makes the most of the tensions and ironies of a situation in which the platitudes coined in Washington and London have a particularly hollow ring inside the bullet-scarred walls of the Hotel Zeus.

Alex Lauder, a British journalist, pops over to Spain to salve a broken heart; before he has warmed up his Humber, he has somehow exchanged 1000 pesetas for a teen age gypsy dancer named **"Carmela"** (Sloane, $3.50). It seems that Lauder had "laid on" a flamenco party ("—singing and dancing. Gypsies, you know"), and wound up with a skinful of manzanilla and a proprietary interest in the moppet. Well, sir, after an exhilarating tour of the Seville Fair, the no longer heartsick reporter decides to take his exotic property back to England. How this is accomplished is part of Rowland Winn's story, but not the best part. What is most readable in "Carmela" concerns the vivid Spanish scene, which Mr. Winn describes with infectious gusto.

Some of the more monstrous disasters of the recent past are resurrected in **"House of Dolls"** (Simon & Schuster, $3.50), which depicts life as it was lived by the inmates of German labor camps and Gestapo-operated brothels. Written by an ex-concentration camp prisoner who identifies himself by his old status and serial number, as "Ka-tzetnik 135633" (and translated from the Hebrew by Moshe M. Kohn), the book follows the horrifying route to extinction of a Jewish brother and sister.

What better balm could there be for frayed nerves than a lonely manse on a wild Florida key, where all that one has to do is look after a poor demented lady? Such must have been the reasoning of Olive York, a young girl, recovering from a traumatic experience in **"Yonder"** (Crown, $3), by Margaret Bell Houston. Many more shocks are in store for Olive before she unravels the dark secret of the Croome sisters: sinister Johanna, whose skin "had the gray indoor look of a mushroom," and unhappy Zoe, who lives in yonder tower oblivious to the passage of time. In spite of the unpropitious surroundings, both Olive and Zoe find their heartsease in Miss Houston's low-keyed Gothic tale.

In **"Admirals on Horseback"** (Vanguard, $3.50) Geoffrey Willans tries to view both the light and the serious sides of combined naval operations. Mr. Willans is English, and his humor seems better suited to the home trade than to this reader, Anglophile though he is. An American admiral who refers to liquor as "spirits," wears a tie from "Sachs," and thinks he can play "boogie" on a saxophone, seems as much of a stranger to our customs as his British opposite number, a type named Strangways Foxe-Forsyth. Except for a very funny interlude—in which a Labour M. P. learns about life on an Italian destroyer—"Admirals on Horseback" is slow sailing.

—MARTIN LEVIN.

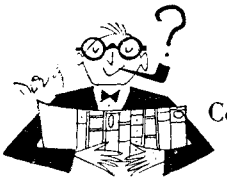
ENGLISHMEN ON THE EUPHRATES: In **"A Show of Force"** (Harper, $3.50) an Englishman named Stewart Thomson has turned out a story that will keep most readers with it all the way simply by virtue of its carefully planned, professionally executed element of physical suspense which tightens its hold in every chapter. The story has to do with an Arabian oil community on the Euphrates, and with the group of resident British, both oilmen and politicos, who are sitting uneasily on the powderkeg of Arabian nationalism. The fuse is lit when Benton, a sorry duffer who seems to invite humiliation, surprisingly assaults an Arab who is flirting with his unreluctant wife. Thus begins a chain reaction which, feeding on misunderstanding and panic, results in a disastrous revolutionary explosion.

Mr. Thomson skilfully juggles far too many characters for any of them to be developed fully. Instead (and quite acceptably in a story like this) he quickly and credibly establishes the dominant socio-psychological attitude in each of them and causes their actions to be worked out consistently in terms of that attitude and the pressure of events. This enables him to demonstrate the play of political, moral, and social ideas inherent in a situation of this sort, while still maintaining undiminished the charging narrative pace. Not exactly hammock-reading; it's more suitable, let's say, for a seat on the roller-coaster.

—JEROME STONE.

MARRIAGE AND SUBURBANITES: The evidently universal theme of suburban entrapment is brilliantly expanded in Penelope Mortimer's **"A Villa in Summer"** (Harcourt, Brace, $3.50), which examines the chemistry of a good marriage as it begins to disintegrate under various pressures—one of which is the sepulchral atmosphere of a village near London. Andrew and Emily Addams migrate to this English Hecate County for the benefit of their two children; but even the Addams' offspring fail to thrive in the dank countryside where only neuroses seem to flourish. In the limbo that Mrs. Mortimer impales so deftly, the proprietor of the local elementary school is a draft-dodging bounder, and the vicar an unwholesome tyrant. The only moderately sympathetic character is the vicar's browbeaten daughter, who dreams desperately of escape. Among these compatriots the young couple reel under the onslaughts of minor disaster, until the *coup-de-grace* to their marriage is almost rendered by an overly progressive schoolmistress (who makes Andrew her extracurricular project). Through it all Mrs. Mortimer combines tenderness, a gift for savage caricature, and a fine story sense to make a first novel that is as good as they come.

—M. L.



Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich

ONE-MAN SHOW

Lysander Kemp of Jocotepec, Jalisco, Mexico, submits ten titles of books by Aldous Huxley all of which are quotations or adaptations of quotations. He asks you to identify the sources of the quotations (both titles and authors). If you come up with ten of the twenty items of information demanded, no cheers; if from eleven through sixteen, not at all bad; if seventeen or better, admirable. Answers on page 40.

1. "Time Must Have a Stop"
2. "Across the Mexique Bay"
3. "Proper Studies"
4. "Brave New World"
5. "Eyeless in Gaza"
6. "Those Barren Leaves"
7. "After Many a Summer Dies the Swan"
8. "The World of Light"
9. "Mortal Coils"
10. "Jesting Pilate"

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THE FINE ARTS

Alberto Giacometti

THIS spring, on a brief trip to Paris, I had the privilege of visiting the studio of the sculptor and painter, Alberto Giacometti, whose retrospective exhibition at the Guggenheim Museum was one of the most impressive events of the New York art season just past. I had known Giacometti slightly during the early 1930s, when he was active in the surrealist movement and used to meet its other members in the evening at a Left Bank cafe. Seeing his works in later years, and especially since the recent war, the memory of his human personality has often come to mind. Like Picasso, Léger, Miro, Tanguy, like the American cartoonist Saul Steinberg, he himself seems to unusual degree the embodiment of what he has been trying to create. By no means all artists are so closely identified in person with their works. Henri Matisse and Edward Hopper, for example, could suggest a profession quite different from theirs or an art dissimilar in kind. But Giacometti *is* his sculpture and painting. One knew his name on sight, before being introduced.

I remember that when I first met Giacometti, it was during a season when André Breton, surrealism's central personage, had decreed that so far as possible everything he and his colleagues ate or drank should be green in color. Sitting with them, more than a little awed by this flamboyant whim in the romantic spirit, I saw no reason to demur, remembering *crème de menthe* and other delicacies open to choice. But Giacometti ordered something orange. Clearly he was destined for a lonely path. His association with surrealism was brief, and he has never since subscribed to the aims of any group of artists. Instead, for many years he has worked alone in his tiny studio on the Rue Hippolyte-Maindron in the fourteenth *arrondissement*, cordial to visitors but giving the impression of profound isolation within the art and activities of his time. Perhaps that is why his closest friend is the painter Balthus, like himself a confirmed solitary, shying away from movements and manifestoes, gatherings and programs, working in seclusion to reassert the validity of the maverick among artists.

Giacometti was born in 1901 in Stampa, near the eastern border of Switzerland, the son of Giovanni Giacometti, one of the most advanced painters in his country. The father was entirely in sympathy with his son's desire to become an artist (the boy had begun painting and creating sculpture when in his early teens), and in 1922 sent him to Paris to study with Bourdelle and at the *Académie de la Grande Chaumière*. Giacometti's progress at first was slow and indecisive. Around 1930 he began to be affiliated with Breton and the other surrealists, and very soon was liberated from the strong influence of Brancusi and the tribal sculptors of Africa and the South Pacific. Giacometti gained much from his short association with surrealism, which taught him to rely on inner inspiration and not to fear his instinctive lyricism of mind. The result was a brilliant group of works that may have reached its high point in the famous "Palace at 4 A.M."—an altogether enchanted construction of wood, glass, wire, and string. But in some of Giacometti's sculptures of the early 1930s, among them "Point Threatening the Eye of a Skull," "Disagreeable Object," and "Slaughtered Woman," the dark, Freudian side of surrealism is reflected, and I suspect that it was the movement's frequent emphasis on violence and cruelty which finally turned Giacometti away from it. For he is, *par excellence*, an apostle of tenderness, as most of his recent works in sculpture and painting attest.

In the mid-1930s Giacometti began to work from the model, day after day for five years, hardly ever satisfied and destroying much of what he produced. Then he tried working from memory. "But wanting to create from memory what I had seen, to my terror the sculptures became smaller and smaller, they only had a likeness when very small, yet their dimensions revolted me, and tirelessly I began again and again . . . A large figure seemed to me untrue and a small one intolerable . . . All this changed a little in 1945 through drawing. This led me to want to make larger figures, then to my surprise, they achieved a resemblance only when long and slender."

"Portrait of the Artist's Mother."

I was told in Paris this spring that Giacometti had just completed a large new sculpture—one of those fantastically attenuated standing figures which magnetize the surrounding air and light, attracting to themselves an inexplicably poetic nimbus. I was eager to see the new piece. It lay in crumbled fragments of plaster on the floor, and Giacometti explained calmly that he had destroyed it in a moment of impatience with some minor detail. I asked him whether the detail could not have been reworked. He replied in his swarthy voice that it was better to begin again, with whole emotion and fresh impetus. "I am used to beginning again," he said quietly. And all the time we were talking he kept returning to a small clay figure, modeling it with deft pressures from his extraordinary fingers and giving the impression that if he let it alone, it would soon

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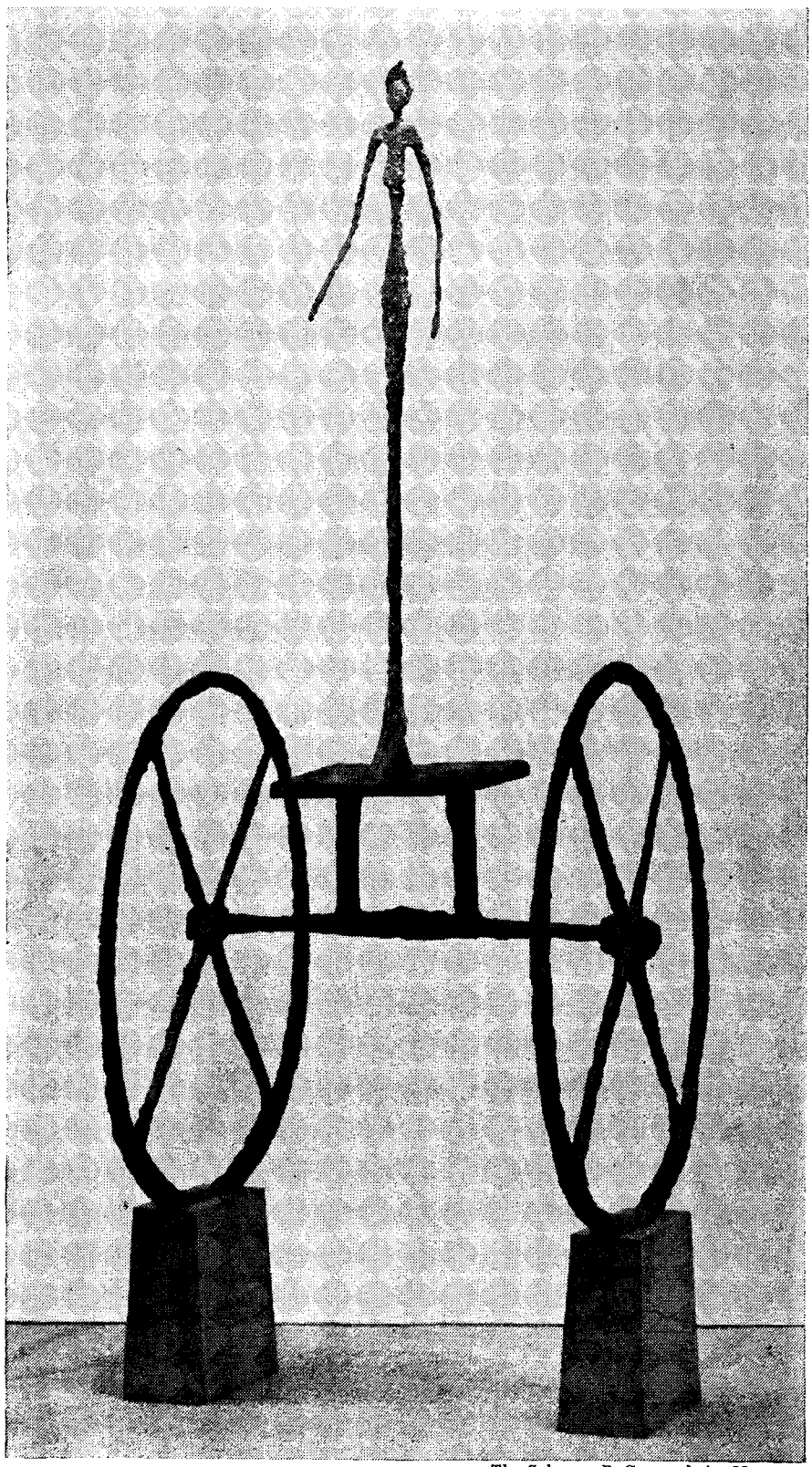
expire for lack of breath. Even when he stopped working long enough to bring out some of his latest paintings and to blow from them clouds of plaster dust, he looked back at the sculpture anxiously.

FOR some years, Giacometti explained, he had not felt like painting. Then, toward the end of the Second World War, his interest in this medium was reawakened, and he began the remarkable series of easel works which continues to this day. The pictures differ little one from another in their muted, brown tonality, indeed differ only slightly from a still life of 1937 included in the Guggenheim's exhibition this summer. Moreover, their subject matter is deliberately restricted—portraits of his mother, wife and brother, pictures of his studio, an occasional landscape. Like Giorgio Morandi in Italy, Giacometti is not interested in iconographical exploration. Instead he prefers to restate over and over, each time with new intensity, the same familiar things. His immense nervous energy gives his figures an hypnotic vitality, as in the "Portrait of the Artist's Mother" (see illustration), and I for one would rank them very high in postwar painting regardless of generation or origin. They admittedly are not works to be appreciated at first glance, but their qualities become more and more striking as one gets to know them by heart.

Among these sculptures, the two finest seem to me to be the "Man Pointing" and the "Chariot" (see illustration). The latter was installed in the middle of the front gallery on the second floor of the Guggenheim Museum, and its impact was unbelievably acute. The piece was inspired by Giacometti's stay in a hospital after being injured by a passing car. The sight of patients rolling down the corridors in their wheelchairs haunted the artist, and gradually the image of the "Chariot" evolved in his imagination. The wheels of the chariot are Etruscan in vigor, though not in spirit; the balance of the tiny figure suggests forward motion to such uncanny degree that I remember approaching the sculpture gingerly, though not much given to art-gallery qualms. And the Guggenheim exhibition as a whole confirmed beyond question what some of us have felt for a considerable time: that Giacometti is one of the most remarkable artists of his generation.

—JAMES THRALL SOBY.



—*The Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum.*

Giacometti's "Chariot"—"the balance of the tiny figure suggests forward motion to an uncanny degree."

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT NO. 632

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 632 will be found in the next issue.

FN BP BHRK OFLUK,

BP AXEK

QTRWXPM SHMZ.

Y. K. NFPOSE

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 631

He bids fair to grow wise who has discovered he is not so.

—PUBLILIUS SYRUS.

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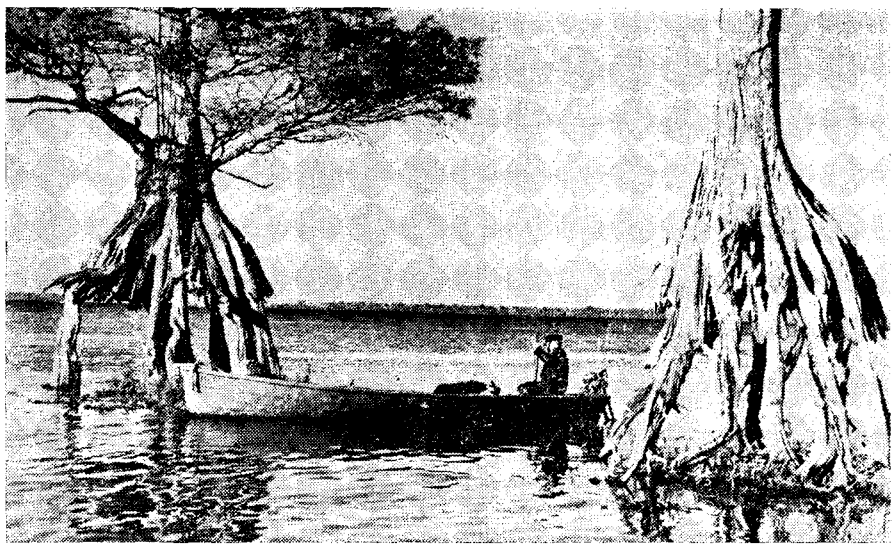
BOOKED FOR TRAVEL

A Filthy Bogg



—*Portsmouth, Va., Chamber of Commerce.*

"Although the mistletoe grows wild, the Great Dismal ain't a fit place for kissin'."

WELL, sir, anyone can follow the floss to the manicured hedges of Southampton, L.I., or Newport, R.I., or Spring Lake, N.J., not to mention Monterey Peninsula sur Pacific. But it takes real talent to discover a place like the Great Dismal Swamp, a soggy mass the size of Rhode Island abounding in rattlesnakes, copperheads, and cottonmouth moccasins, where in August yellow flies R in season. It has been described by early esthetes as "a filthy Bogg," and by scientists as a "relict area," whatever that is. One of its first explorers came out alive but a-pantin' and said it "ain't a fit place for man, beast, or bird."

Although I don't for the minute place myself outside such a broad range of categories, I decided, fitness be damned, to invade the filthy Bogg, and I am here to report that it sits astride the eastern end of the Virginia-North Carolina border and is virtually bisected by the Ocean Highway, or Route 17, a popular biway to the playlands of Florida.

Thirty miles from north to south, and ten miles wide, the Great Dismal is a mass of mire, mink, and mistletoe. The mire is relieved only by small stretches of open dry forest, the rest of the place being swamp, quicksand, and deep mushy holes caused by subsurface fires burning through the peaty soil. In 1923 150 square miles burned, the fire smoldering for two years and erupting to the surface where it was least expected. In spite of the fact that it ain't a fit place for beasts, the mink run wild and seem to be quite as content as they might be reclining over the back of a chair at 21. Although the mistletoe grows wild, too, as far as I'm concerned the Great Dismal ain't a fit place for kissin' either.

Despite the fact that the swamp is handy to the north-south flyway and has wide open spaces of water, birds rarely use it as a north-south stopover point. Somehow the birds have gotten the word. On the other hand, besides mink, the mire is full of weasel, otter, muskrat, raccoons, wildcats, and skinks. A skink is not a misspelled skunk but a lizard. There are some bears about who dote on the wild cherry trees, and in October and November there is hunting for deer.

A number of the nation's intrepid hunters have organized lodges along the shores of Lake Drummond, a great oval of water three miles across at its widest span. The lake was probably formed by fire burning a huge depression in the earth. It was named, with singular appropriateness, after William Drummond, North Carolina's first governor, who was hanged for his part in Bacon's Rebellion of 1677.

Strangely, the lake is the highest elevation in the swamp, measuring about twenty-two feet above sea level. The Great Dismal slopes away from it gradually, and most of the land mass stands about ten feet above the sea. Drummond's water is about the shade of Madeira wine, although the similarity ends sharply there. Water in the Great Dismal comes in a variety of hues, flavors, and natural properties ranging from gum water, which looks like Coca-Cola, to cypress water, which is more like tea, to juniper water, the best of all. Juniper is a mix of gum, cypress, and maple with a heavy dash of juniper or white cedar thrown in. As "juniper tea" it was once a favorite brew of the lumber camps because it was said to give immunity to malaria. Actually, it does resist stagnation, and sailing ships stored casks of it in their holds before departing on long odysseys across the oceans.

BACK in 1850 the Lake Drummond Hotel was erected by the lake-shore for the accommodation of sportsmen, visitors and, I suspect, ghouls. They tell the tale of a stranger who checked in one day, descended to the dining room, and poured himself a drink from a decanter which he took to contain brandy. He mixed the brandy with liquid from another bottle he took to contain water, but the drink was a little strong so he added a bit from what he took to be the water bottle. When he woke up the next day somewhat perplexed by his unaccountable inebriation and inexplicable hangover, he discovered that the brandy bottle had contained swamp water, which he kept weakening by adding liberal quantities of white lightning, which is to say, moonshine.

The Lake Drummond Hotel was not the first tourist venture in the Great Dismal. A hotel was put up there on the North Carolina-Virginia border as early as 1850. It didn't attract many vacationers, but it proved popular with duelists, gamblers, elopers, and others escaping the laws of either Virginia or North Carolina. Slaves were said to have found refuge at least from captivity in its eerie acres. One runaway was supposed to have lived in a cabin on the shores of Lake Drummond, a place known as Jake's Hotel, and Harriet Beecher Stowe's novel "Dred" tells of slaves fleeing to the Dismal. It has also been written about by Patrick Henry and by Sir Thomas Moore who in 1803 came up from Bermuda where he was vice consul. Having heard the legend of the death of a bride who paddled the Drummond waters in a white canoe by the light of fireflies to search for her lover, he was moved to write a poem called "The Lake of the Dismal Swamp."

George Washington explored the swamp in 1763 and first saw its possibilities as a lumber lode. He formed a company called "The Adventurers for Draining the Great Dismal Swamp" and pushed other notions for

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growing rice. It wouldn't grow in the peat and even cotton planted in the strange soil produces blue or yellow fiber. Washington sold his interest in 1795.

Washington might better have listened to Colonel William Byrd II, who looked the place over back in 1730 and wrote as follows:

> . . . . the ground of this swamp is a meer quagmire, trembling under the feet of those that walk upon it. . . . Towards the south end of it, is a very large tract of reeds without any trees at all growing amongst them which being constantly green and waving in the wind is called the Green Sea. . . . Near the middle of the Dismal the trees grow thicker—the cypresses as well as the cedars. These being always green and loded with very large tops, are much exposed to the winds, and easily blown down. . . . By these the passage is in most places interrupted, they lying piled in heaps and horsing on one another; nor is this all for the snags left on them point every way, and require the utmost caution to clamber over them. 'Tis remarkable that, towards the heart of this horrible desart, no beast or bird approaches, nor so much as an insect or reptile. This must happen not so much from the moisture of the soil, as from the everlasting shade occasioned by the thick shrubbs and bushes, so that the friendly warmth of the sun can never penetrate them to warm the earth. Nor indeed do any birds fly over . . . for fear of the noisome exhalations that rise from this vast body of dirt and nastiness. . . . With all these disadvantages the Dismal is in many places pleasant to the eye, though disagreeable to the other sences, because of the perpetual verdure, which makes every season look like spring, and every month like May.

For anyone who would like to find May in almost any month down in the Great Dismal Swamp, a logging train penetrates the quagmire starting from Mose White's sawmill on U.S. 158 near Sunbury. The track is partly submerged in Coca-Cola-colored water and in some places the sun never shines on the track. A gasoline engine pulls the logging train whose normal freight is cypress, red maple, pine, poplar, white cedar, and thirty-five other kinds of trees. Water rather than oil lubricates the train's wheels. It doesn't need a whistle.

Since the logging train is a private enterprise, the traveler bent on seeing the Dismal can find boatmen to convey him into the *horrible desart* past Wallacetown on Route 17, just north of the Carolina border. I stopped in front of a clearing down there recently, read the instructions nailed on a tree, then blew the horn three times. Presently from the woods across Washington's Ditch a cottage door slammed and the sound of whistling floated through the trees. Eventually there appeared Capt. C. F. Jackson, a self-confessed hermit who takes parties into the Dismal by outboard motorboat. Although he was once with the U.S. Navy and sailed the far seas aboard our dreadnoughts, his title derives not from the navy but from his present command.

WE skimmed the juniper canal for two-and-a-half miles and came suddenly upon a U.S. Army installation built alongside a set of locks which are controlled by Army engineers. In the tiny enclave surrounded by jungle the grass was neat, there were screened-in picnic houses, and electric and telephone wires brought light and chatter to keep the Dismal from being so dismal. We crossed the locks to another craft and floated finally out into Lake Drummond, a vast body indeed, with nothing about except the gaunt trucks of cypresses knee deep in the Madeira water. Here in the heart of the *desart*, it was true, no beast nor bird approached, save us. Nor indeed did any bird fly over. Fearful of the noisome exhalations that rise from this vast body of dirt and nastiness we bid Capt. Jackson to turn the rudder and head back to the civilization of route 17. He never stopped whistling the whole way home. —HORACE SUTTON.

A Ballad—The Lake of the Dismal Swamp

By Thomas Moore (1779-1852)

"They made her a grave too cold and damp
For a soul so warm and true;
And she's gone to the lake of the Dismal Swamp,
Where all night long, by firefly lamp,
She paddles her white canoe.
"And her firefly lamp I soon shall see.
And her paddle I soon shall hear;
Long and loving our life shall be,
And I'll hide the maid in a cypress tree,
When the footstep of death is near."

Away to the Dismal Swamp he speeds;
His path was rugged and sore;
Through tangled juniper, beds of reeds,
Through many a fen, where the serpent feeds,
And never man trod before.
And when on the earth he sank to sleep,
If slumber his eyelids knew,
He lay where the deadly vine doth weep,
Its venomous tear and nightly steep,
The flesh with blistering dew.

And near him the she-wolf stirred the brake,
And copper snake breathed in his ear.
Till he starting cried, from his dream awake,
"Oh! when shall I see the dusky lake,
And the white canoe of my dear?"
He saw the lake and a meteor bright
Quick over its surface played.
"Welcome!" he said; "my dear one's light;"
And the dim shore echoed from many a night,
The name of the death-cold maid.

Till he hollowed a boat of the birchen bark,
Which carried him off from shore;
Fare he followed the meteor spark;
The wind was high, and the clouds were dark,
And the boat returned no more.
But oft from the Indian hunter's camp,
This lover and maid so true,
Are seen at the hour of midnight damp,
To cross the lake by a firefly lamp,
And paddle their white canoe.

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Business

Continued from page 21

riculture," to one main character, J. I. Case, and one main subject, the use of machinery in the evolution of American agriculture. He has caught up, too, with the present interest in the exploration of business archives. "A good part of the material on which this book is based," he explains, "came from the immense store of records of the J. I. Case Company at Racine, where the author was made welcome and where officials and employees alike gave him every help." This is increasingly the verdict of inquirers into business history, and reveals a great improvement in corporation psychology since the time when business firms guarded closely the dark secrets of their early days. A friendly reception is almost certain to give the harassed researcher a friendly feeling toward the subject of his investigation. And a discreet subsidy can make even a history professor into a mild partisan.

But J. I. Case was really a good egg. He early sensed the possibilities of farm machinery, and set off in 1842 from New York to Rochester, Wis., to interest the wheat farmers there in threshing machines. Eventually he turned from salesman to manufacturer, moved to Racine because of its water-power and communications advantages, began to make bigger and better threshers. These machines were always his specialty, and when he incorporated it was as the J. I. Case Threshing Machine Company, a name he refused to change throughout his lifetime. At first his machines depended on horse power, but he made traction engines when steam power came into vogue, and his successors made internal combustion tractors when the appropriate time arrived. Case had what it took to survive in the days when competition was keen among many small operators, and the firm he founded still had it when competition grew even keener among a few great "full-line" concerns. He waxed rich, built himself elaborate barns and stables to prove it, owned and raced the incomparable Jay-Eye-See. There never was a better Horatio Alger story anytime, anywhere than this one.

Holbrook doesn't stop with the career of J. I. Case, who died in 1891, but goes on with the Case firm and its competitors down to the present. He is also deeply concerned with what agricultural machinery did for the American farmer—its application to such areas as the bonanza farms of Dakota and the Great Central Valley of California, its effect on the lives of country people generally, its part in promoting the fantastic productivity of American farms. Like Case he is enamored of the thresher, and of its successor, the combine, but he has kind words for the innumerable other devices that have helped to make American farming respectable, and—with a little assistance by way of government price-supports—even profitable.

Holbrook tells a fine tale; throughout the book there is never a dull moment. He is weakest on interpretation, strongest on vivid description, just about medium on organization. But this is a good book, and it will be read.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. "Henry IV, Part I" (Shakespeare). 2. "Bermudas" (Marvell). 3. "Essay on Man" (Pope). 4. "The Tempest" (Shakespeare). 5. "Samson Agonistes" (Milton). 6. "The Tables Turned" (Wordsworth). 7. "Tithonus" (Tennyson). 8. "They are all gone into the world of light" (Vaughan). 9. "Hamlet" (Shakespeare). 10. "Of Truth" (Bacon).

Baron and Buccaneer

GIANT OF THE NORTHWEST: Stewart H. Holbrook has another business biography in the bookstalls this season—a short life of James J. Hill. Of all that colorful array of dynamic and aggressive individualists who pioneered in the morning of America's industrial growth, none was more forceful, more paradoxical, or is less known today than Hill. "The Empire Builder," admired and hated in his own day, carried the Great Northern from Minnesota to Puget Sound, played an always tempestuous role in several other railroads, and plunged his restless hands into related activities. Holbrook's book, **"James J. Hill,"** in Knopf's Great Lives in Brief Series ($2.50), is the first life of its subject to be published in nearly forty years. Noting that his subject "was part visionary, part robber baron, part buccaneer," Holbrook has done a superb job of revealing both the man and his times. Brief, well organized, delightfully written, this book should go far toward restoring to Hill his rightful place in the American consciousness. —RALPH ADAMS BROWN.

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fact and Fiction

Title and Author	Crime, Place, and Sleuth	Summing Up	Verdict
DEATH OF A STRAY CAT *Jean Potts* (Scribner: $2.75)	NY bookseller, about to estivate at shore home, finds gal's corpse in living-room; no vacation for him.	Nice writing and characterization, but too much carryback; pace fair to good.	Plus mark.
INVASION OF PRIVACY *Harry Jurnitz* (Random: $2.75)	NY-Hollywood teletype chatters wildly as libel suit growing out of old murder looms; new deaths eventuate.	Dialogue sharp, action fast, plot ingenious in this bright and lively number.	Real sparkler.
A DIRTY WAY TO DIE *George Bagby* (Crime Club: $2.75)	Inspector Schmidt of NY cops tangles with dowager, soda-jerker, *et al.*, to break double killing.	Highly contrived yarn is peopled by large, often peculiar cast in numerous jams.	Middling.
TOUR DE FORCE *Christianna Brand* (Scribner: $2.75)	Insp. Cockrill, on conducted Mediterranean jaunt, encounters murder, comic-opera cops, jail.	Shrewd handling, characterization, atone for occasional slow-motion patches.	Witty and wordy.
F. O. B. MURDER *Bert and Dolores Hitchens* (Crime Club: $2.75)	L.A. railroad cops trail mislaid jewelry, freight-car death; ladies offer problem.	Technical angles nicely managed; personnel deftly drawn; action smooth.	Grade A specialty.
PASSPORT FOR A RENEGADE *Kem Bennett* (Crime Club: $2.75)	British firm making master torpedo is Commie target; loves, lives, loyalties in balance.	People pretty puppety, but action (England and France) is fast, with wow climax.	End justifies means.
THE ESCAPE OF THE NOTORIOUS SIR WILLIAM HEANS *William Hay* (Cambridge U.P.: $4.50)	Reissue of classic tale of life in Tasmanian convict settlement (1839-42); shadow of ancient murder hovers.	Historical romance is worthy instance of enduring Walter Scott influence; admirable attention to detail.	Vivid and circumstantial.

—SERGEANT CUFF.

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Middle East

Continued from page 18

tions, while the conclusions formed about the finds have been modified by the discoveries made elsewhere in Iraq during the last twenty years. Moreover, "Ur of the Chaldees" contains only the account of the first seven seasons of excavation while the present book covers the results of all twelve.

Though the author limited himself to the excavations at Ur, the reader will nevertheless gain insight into the cultural development of the country as a whole since this development was remarkably uniform. Despite the fact that there are a few points on which one may challenge Sir Leonard's interpretation of his material, anyone interested in the early history of man and the fascination of archeological discovery should read the book with pleasure and profit.

Ionia's Pleasures

REFLECTIONS ON THE ANCIENTS: In the autumn of 1951 Freya Stark, a discerning traveler if there ever was one, went to western Asia Minor to visit the ruins of the twelve cities of Ionia. Now, in her record of this trip, **"Ionia"** (Harcourt, Brace, $6), she says that it was worth the journey to catch even an echo of the authentic voice of happiness which she believes she found there. It is Miss Stark's belief that the Ionians held happiness in their hands a thousand years and more before the Christian era. "What elements," she asks herself, "in that breeding ground of civilization can still be planted to grow among us now?" Her answer: "Climate and the healthiest of foods; leisure and a simplicity of pleasures; precariousness to make good moments sharper; and commerce like a river where ideas as well as wealth move up and down. Add to these enough solitude to divide one city or one human being from the next one; curiosity and toleration which produce truth together; beauty under whose wing great words are written; a life where personal decisions are demanded, and freedom for women and men." I am not sure that Miss Stark proves her point about the tranquility and happiness of the ancient Ionians, but she does cast a hypnotic spell for her readers. In these descriptions, roots of trees wrestle with marble and almost win, but not quite; the lovely doorpost of Cybele's temple still stands in Sardis, and a gaunt-ribbed lion looks out at the Sacred Way in Didyna.

—Rebecca Lowrie.

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(Continued on page 42)

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PERSONALS

(Continued from page 41)

YOUR ARMS IN TRUE COLORS traced. Write M'WETHY, St. Johnsville, N. Y.

POPULAR SONGS VERSUS THE BLUES—a semantic analysis by S. I. Hayakawa in current issue of ETC., official journal of Int'l Society for General Semantics, edited by S. I. Hayakawa. Read how language forms tend to limit thought, behavior. $4 year; trial issue $1. Write Dept. 33, 400 West North Ave., Chicago 10, Illinois.

PHOTOSTATS WANTED of manuscript letters to or from Hannah Penn, wife of William Penn, founder of Pennsylvania. Communicate with Pennsylvania Society of the Colonial Dames of America, 1630 Latimer St., Philadelphia, Pa.

YOUNG MAN in Midwest, recently diagnosed victim of Hodgkin's Disease, seeks information as to therapy, doctors, hospitals, anywhere in nation from patients or relatives of patients. Don't need money, sympathy—only your experience and advice. PLEASE write Box W-702.

CUSTOM-MADE CHRISTMAS CARDS with pen and ink sketch of your own house. Distinctive, personal. Must be ordered early. Now! TIFFT, 2815 Tifft Road, Dover, N. H.

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SABBATICAL BACHELOR, 40, wants comfortable privacy New England, modest rental, September-June. Box W-697.

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HALF-ACRE ISLAND in Maine Lake. 5 bedrooms, electricity, running water, fireplace, sunroom, boathouses, porches. John Cleveland, Norway, Maine.

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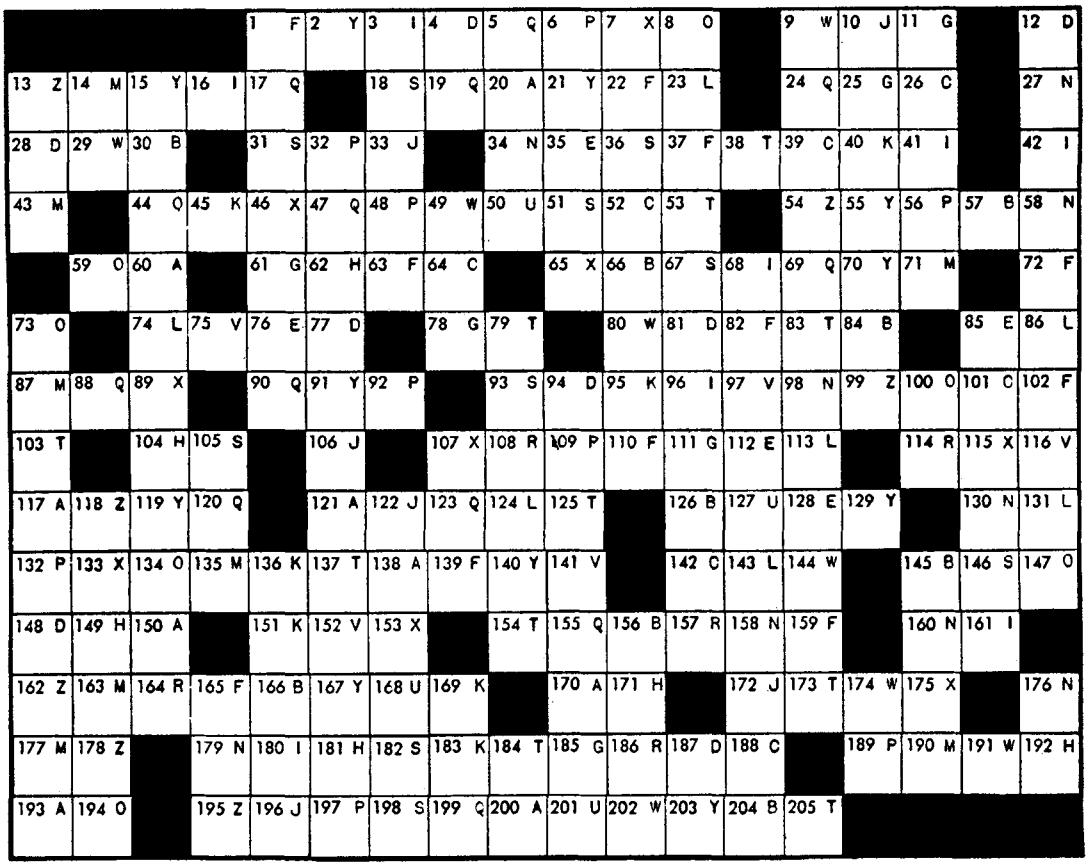
By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Describing the whale as a nursing mother.	117 138 121 20 200 170 193 60 150
B. Excessive inventory.	204 126 166 57 145 30 156 66 84
C. Hiring out.	39 26 142 64 101 52 188
D. Gift to public institution.	77 94 4 12 81 148 28 187
E. French historian, leader of school of critical philosophy (1823-92).	128 76 35 85 112
F. Important grain from a hilly country (2 wds.).	37 165 139 63 22 102 110 72 159 82 1
G. Anvil.	11 61 111 78 25 185
H. Ethnic cult and religion of Japan.	181 62 104 149 192 171
I. A Greek myth greatly emphasizing beauty, used by Disraeli, Longfellow, Keats, etc.	161 96 41 16 42 180 68 3
J. Greek letter signifying 30, when used as numeral.	122 10 172 196 33 106
K. One of the English workmen who destroyed machinery, thinking to preserve their jobs (early 19th cent.).	183 95 169 45 136 151 40
L. Lake in New Hampshire-Maine, source of Androscoggin River.	74 131 86 124 113 143 23
M. River, county, etc. in Virginia named for former Indian tribe of the region.	177 190 135 71 87 14 163 43
N. Flirt with a girl.	27 160 34 158 176 58 179 130 98
O. Formerly, the Atlantic (2 wds.).	59 194 147 134 8 100 73 44
P. "Part that goes over the fence last" (2 wds.· colloq.).	132 109 189 92 6 32 56 197 48
Q. Political subdivision of New York state, much historic interest (2 wds.).	69 47 17 90 155 199 19 123 88 120 24 5
R. Fifteenth-cent. painter who often seems reincarnated at the Polo Grounds, N.Y.	108 114 157 164 186
S. Receiving what is offered, with approval.	18 93 36 51 182 198 31 105 67 146
T. Certain jet-propelled aircraft (2 wds.).	38 79 137 125 103 53 154 83 184 205 173
U. The ancient Roman said "Oh, look!"	127 201 50 168
V. Horses express fear of flying paper, etc. (2 wds.).	75 152 141 116 97
W. Describing the flower "I give you as we part."	80 9 191 174 202 29 48 144
X. Where "Stabat Mater" near the Cross (3 wds.).	65 115 175 133 153 107 46 7 89
Y. Ya-li in Changsha, founded 1902, now suspended, of necessity (comp.).	129 119 140 2 21 167 55 91 203 70 15
Z. In an underhand manner.	54 162 195 178 118 13 99

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning. . . Black squares indicate ends of words: if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line. . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.



Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 18 of this issue.

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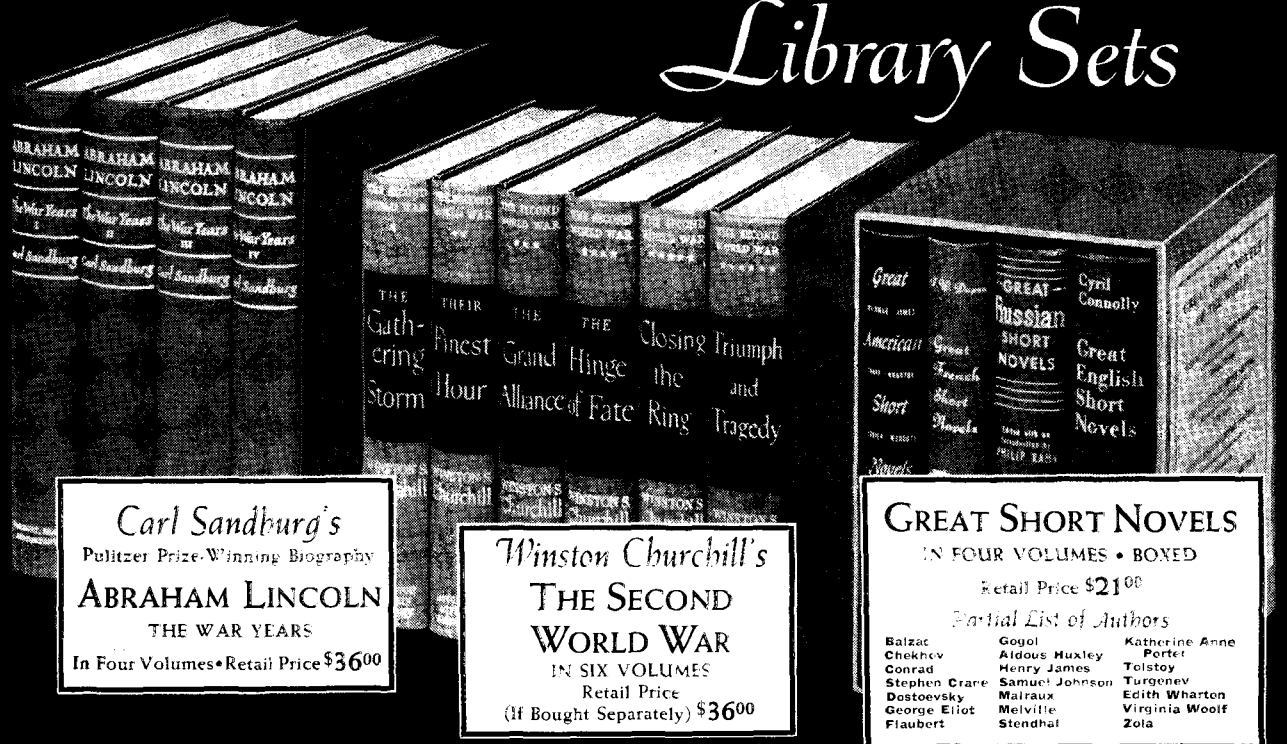

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